

LIBRARIANS

UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES - JAMAICA

Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the following posts:

PROFESSOR OF LIBRARY STUDIES
Successful applicant will be required to teach at first degree and postgraduate diploma levels and will be expected to have a research orientation and interest in postgraduate work.

LIBRARIAN III/ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
Applicants must either be graduates with appropriate professional qualifications or Fellows of the Library Association (or equivalent). Level of appointment will be dependent on experience. Successful applicant will be expected to work in the main in the Cataloguing Section of the Library. Experience with the Library of Congress Classification, Anglo-American Cataloguing Rules Second Edition (AACR2), automated cataloguing systems including outline cataloguing would be an advantage.

Salary Scales (1982/3):
PROFESSOR J\$27,854-J\$34,224
LIBRARIAN III J\$18,250-J\$24,750
Non-pensionable allowance J\$3,603-J\$6,015
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN J\$16,104-J\$17,046
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Salary Scales (1983/4):
PROFESSOR J\$30,423-J\$37,847
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FSSU Study and Travel Grant. Unfurnished accommodation or housing allowance. Up to five (5) full economy passages on appointment and on normal termination. Detailed applications (three copies) with curriculum vitae and naming three referees should be sent as soon as possible to the Registrar, University of the West Indies, Mona, Kingston 7, Jamaica. Applicants resident in the UK should also send one copy to the Overseas Educational Appointments Department, The British Council, 90-91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT quoting reference U107-U112/83. Further details and application forms are available from either address.

University of Surrey
PRINCIPAL LIBRARY
ASSISTANT

Due to maternity leave, a vacancy exists immediately for a suitably qualified person to run the Main Library. Suitable supervisory experience in either an academic or public library is essential. The post will initially last approximately four months.

Salary scale, Clerical Grade 4 - £5,843-£6,847 (under review).

Further information is available from Mrs. J. Stainton, Assistant Secretary, Queen Elizabeth College, Kensington (University of London).

Queen Elizabeth College
Kensington
(University of London)
LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Library Assistant required for 12 months only in the main library. Duties will include book cataloguing, book care, and book repair. Good educational qualifications and accurate typing skills are essential. Salary will be in the range of £4,084 p.a. - £5,015 p.a. plus £1,185 p.a. London Allowance.

Please apply in writing with the names of two referees to: Mrs. J. Stainton, Assistant Secretary, Queen Elizabeth College, Campden Hill Road, Kensington, London W8 7AH. Closing date: 1 July 1983.

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VACANCIESYorkshire Arts
Association
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Tel. Bradford (0274) 728081.

Closing date for applications: 16th July 1983.

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The consolations of omniscience

Richard Shannon

HARRIET MARTINEAU

Autobiography

Vol 1: 441pp. 0 86068 425 3

Vol 2: 510pp. 0 86068 430 X

Virago, £4.95 each.

"A little deaf woman at Norwich" was what Brougham patronizingly called her in the early days of her vasty successful series of *Illustrations of Political Economy*. He lived to regret his temerity. John Stuart Mill, angered at her gossipy denigration of Harriet Taylor, thought her a "cantankerous and opinionated creature", exactly the type of sectarian radical whose hard core of narrowness he was trying to puncture. Charles Dickens, confronted with the phenomenon of Miss Martineau as spokesperson for the National Association of Manufacturers, concluded: "I do not suppose there was ever such a wrong-headed woman born - such a vain one or such a humbug." There is certainly more than a hint of her in Mrs Jellyby and more than a hint of her in Mrs Perdiggle, "a School lady, a Visiting lady, a Reading lady, a Distributing lady, and on the Social Linen Box Committee". It does not appear that Miss Martineau ever suspected her contributions to - these fictional personae. She persisted in her view of Dickens as a "virtuous and happy family man" whose "glowing and generous heart" was "kept steady by the best domestic influences" (so different from Thackeray: "The first drawback in his books, as in his manners, is the impression conveyed by both that he never can have known a good and sensible woman"); but she deplored Dickens's "vigorous errorneousness about matters of science, as shown in 'Oliver Twist' about the new poor-law and in 'Hard Times' about the controversies of employers."

"Matters of science" were Miss Martineau's forte and, even more decisively than was the case with Dr Whewell, omniscience was her foible. She bequeathed her skull and brain to aid phrenological research. She had two casts of her head taken, one in 1833, the other in 1853, to "verify the changes made by time" and to ensure that the chances of her drowning at sea or being smashed up in a railway accident (this contingency was much in her mind as it was with Queen

Victoria) should not deny science so signal an advantage. She rejoiced to live in a time when the mists of ignorance were being dissipated by the "metaphysical stage of mind" being emancipated from the "debris of the theological" and tending towards "final release" in the glow of science. She regretted only that her age was but "an infant one in the history of our globe and of Man" and consequently a "great waste in the years and the powers of the wisest of us"; and that since there was no God and no afterlife, she could not share in mankind's ultimate perfection. (It was the writer and wit Douglas Jerrold's quip that "There is no God and Harriet Martineau is His prophet.")

Still, consolations were many. They were, it is true, very largely of the kind derived from temperamental self-assurance and self-sufficiency. She condemned Christianity as "a mythology which 'fails to make happy, fails to make good, fails to make wise'. Of her own ultimate happiness, goodness and wisdom Miss Martineau leaves her readers in no doubt:

my last days are cheered by the sense of how much better my later years have been than the earlier; or than, in the earlier, I ever can have anticipated. Some of the terrible faults of my character which religion failed to ameliorate, and others which superstition bred in me, have given way, more or less, since I attained a truer point of view; and the relief from old burdens, the uprising of new satisfactions, and the opening of new clearness . . . has been as favourable to my moral nature as to intellectual progress and general enjoyment.

Moreover, she had the satisfaction of calculating that she had earned by literature somewhere about £10,000 without the "pain of the slightest deflection from my own convictions, or the most trifling restraint on my freedom of thought and speech". Her production was voluminous: the political economy *Illustrations*, the *Poor Law and Paupers Illustrated*, *Illustrations of Taxation*, and her one novel, *Deerbrook* (also reprinted by Virago, 523 pp. £3.95, 0 86068 349 4), in the 1830s. (There were widespread regrets that she wrote no more novels, for she was held a worthy successor of Miss Austen and a promising forerunner of the Miss Brontës and Miss Mary Ann Evans.) Then there were the books on her American travels, on



Harriet Martineau

Eastern religion, her *History of the Thirty Years' Peace* (1815-1845), her *Forest and Game-Law Tales*, her *Household Education and Guide to Service*, her innumerable articles for the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, the *Cornhill*, her undying journal.

Her *Autobiography* is a story of adversities and adversaries overcome. It ends on a note of serene triumph. Miss Martineau, aged fifty-three and for most of her life a celebrity (she is copiously eloquent on the dreariness aspects of this condition), certain that she was moribund, determined to give

over very long timespans. She never entertained doubts or perplexities over any job immediately at hand.

About impending death, however, Miss Martineau miscalculated. She lived on another twenty years, as busy, embattled, dogmatically opinionated, mettlesome and meddlesome as ever. The *Autobiography* had to await posthumous publication in 1877. Indeed Miss Martineau was something of a specialist in invalidism. She had earlier spent five years prostrate on sofas in Tynemouth before "obedience to a newly discovered law of nature raised me up, and sent me forth into the world again". In 1840. This new law of nature was her entire conviction of the "truth" of the insight of somnambulism.

The disposition of the present time, no doubt, would be to diagnose Miss Martineau as a hysteric. And certainly materials for such a diagnosis lie in rich profusion throughout this text. She started as a pious Norwich Unitarian oppressed by the disabilities of plainness, shyness, deafness and an abiding sense of grudge at being insufficiently loved. There was, briefly, a fiancé who went insane. The love of her life was, equally tragically, her younger brother James, the later Unitarian luminary. "All who have ever known me", as Miss Martineau confided with the candid innocence of her era, "are aware that the strongest passion I have ever entertained was in regard to my youngest brother, who has certainly filled the largest space in the life of my affection of any person whatsoever. The friendship which was 'the great privilege of the concluding period of my life' was with the very odd Henry George Atkinson, whose discovery it was to locate the phrenological centres of control by making mesmerized subjects describe their own brains. Miss Martineau had a way of being at the centre of public storms on questions of covert sexuality. She caused immense scandal by propagating the doctrines of the Rev Mr. Malthus on the need for prudential progenitiveness. (Her deafness and Mr Malthus's cleft palate caused problems, much as did Wordsworth's habit of leaving out his teeth when not in general company of an evening.) Her hostility to slavery in the United States led to her being identified as an advocate of miscegenation, or "amalgamationism"; another great scandal of public titillation.

It is tempting to see in Miss

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Martineau's obsessive quest for intellectual certainty a case of psychic over-compensation. Like many lapsed Unitarians, she abandoned a relaxed supernatural creed for a rigid form of secularized Calvinism. Priestley's edition of Hartley was her primer — "that which gives the philosophy of Association, cleared from the incumbrance of the Vibration theory". Necessarianism became the philosophical fuel of her energies. "The indolent dreamers whom I happen to know are those who find excuse for their idleness in the doctrine of free-will" (probably she had Hartley Coleridge in mind when she wrote that). "True Necessarians must be the most diligent and confident of all workers". The intensity of her devotion to whoever was her reigning guru of the hour went beyond the call of intellectual duty. Her writing about Comte, the last and greatest of the masters who led her to the "grand truth that social affairs proceed according to great general laws, no less than natural phenomena of every kind", exudes distinct sexual overtones. Rather like a nun, or an abbess or mothers superior of

a fort of secularist nunnery, she worshipped the "imagery of the glorious hierarchy of the Sciences" which Comte had exhibited. In her diaries she found "strong expressions of rapture" about her task of translating him. "Many a passage of my version did I write with tears falling into my lap; and many a time did I feel almost stifled for want of the presence of some general disciple of my instructor, to whom I might speak of his achievement, with some chance of being understood."

It must be said that the rather

exiguous introduction provided by Gaby Weiner for this Virago edition offers no thoughts or guidance on these matters. Presumably they would not be considered appropriate for the purposes of the present publication, which are feminist and celebratory. Whether Miss Martineau is likely to be a help or a hindrance to present-day feminism is indeed a moot point. Certainly she stood up for the claims and rights of women. But at the same time she offers herself snugly as almost a caricature of the sectarian fanatic whose head is stuffed full of the very

best intellectual rubbish currently in vogue. And she disposed of that "poor victim of passion", Mary Wollstonecraft, with brisk impatience. "I never could reconcile my mind to [her] writings, or to whatever I heard of her. It seemed to me, from the earliest times when I could think on the subject of Woman's Rights and condition, that the first requisite of advancement is the self-reliance which results from self-discipline." The great need was to be "rational and dispassionate". The advocacy of such as Wollstonecraft becomes "mere delirium, precisely in proportion to their personal reasons for unhappiness, unless they have fortitude enough (which) loud complainers usually have not) to get their own troubles under their feet."

There can be no doubt about Miss

Martineau's fortitude; which she had the pleasure of combining with loud complaint. One of her favourite phrases is about giving out "a bit of my mind". People — and indeed whole nations, as in the case of the Americans — tended to find themselves painfully bruised by her angularity. She kept her hatreds in good repair. "I have seen a

good deal of life and many varieties of manners; and it now appears to me that the broadest vulgarity I have encountered is in the families of official Whigs, who conceive themselves the cream of society, and the light and rulers of the world of our empire." There was of course the contemptible Brougham, who betrayed good Lord Durham; and there was the fraudulent Macaulay: "His review articles, and especially the one on Bacon, ought to have abolished all confidence in his honesty, as well as in his capacity for philosophy." She rehearsed in loving detail her old grievances against Lockhart, Sterling and Thomas Moore (the "three persons only to whom I have refused to be introduced" — Miss Martineau was invariably precise in such matters); and *The Times* remained along with them in her limbo of the unforgiven. She had her favourites: she was sure that Carlyle had done for morality what Wordsworth had done for poetry. She came to approve of her fellow-worshipper at the Positivist shrine, Miss Evans ("George Eliot"). She judged Monckton Milnes's poems

"wonderfully beautiful in their way". She tended to write more vitally about her dislikes than her likes. This more than anything else makes her autobiography readable. She was a formidable woman who made her way in a man's world, insistently pointing all the way her disabilities of health and eyes, and a quivering brain, sustained by inhalations of sea salt administered alternately by mother and maid) and the unflinching purity of intention, and my refusal to consent what I thought and meant, carried me through . . .

Is Harriet Martineau, in the end, worth the trouble of a new edition? As a case study in intellectual limitations she is a two-edged weapon for feminism. She would be appalled to learn that such reputation as she might have now stems exclusively from her motto her Ambleside neighbour "Wordsworth's command: 'Come Light! visit me!' Her great problem was not so much a physical deafness of the ear as a critical deafness of the eye.

The battle begins

Stephen Koss

MARTIN GILBERT

Finest Hour: The biography of Winston S. Churchill 1939-1941. 1308pp. Heinemann. £20 (paperback, £15.95). 0 434 29187 0

Like the mighty Mississippi, an apt image in more ways than one, the official biography of Sir Winston Churchill rolls on. In a sixth massive volume, Martin Gilbert carries the story from September 1939, when Chamberlain's Britain declared war on Hitler's Germany, into December 1941, when Roosevelt's America entered the struggle, now enlarged to global proportions. Not surprisingly, this is the most satisfying instalment thus far. Churchill, who previously was compelled largely to react to events, at last lowers majestically over them.

When Gilbert assumed the mantle of the late Randolph S. Churchill, whom he had assisted in the preparation of the first two volumes, he inherited a format that he has since faithfully maintained. The "theme of the work", as promulgated at the very outset, was

encapsulated in Lockhart's dictum: "He shall be his own biographer." That implies a certain illogicality as well as a degree of self-conscious inhibition. Living men may write autobiographies, not biographies of themselves. Dead men can do neither.

Because Gilbert is manifestly capable of greater detachment than his predecessor, and especially because he has elsewhere demonstrated his powers of perception and persuasion, one wishes that he had seen fit to intervene more emphatically between Churchill and the emotive issues of his career. Controversies are delineated, but seldom evaluated. Instead, the author provides a day-by-day, sometimes hour-by-hour chronology. The sources, skilfully assembled, are expected — and indeed required — to speak for themselves. With regard to the fall of France, for example, they do so eloquently. Often, however, they echo, contradict, or speak past each other. The effect, curiously enough, is to dissipate the dramatic tension.

What does emerge, clearly and unequivocally, is the man's indomitable spirit. Convinced that "all will come right", a slogan he awkwardly appropriated from a defeated Boer adversary, he never faltered in his resolve. It was not enough that his wife

stalked out of St Martin-in-the-Fields, where a "pious" sermon was being preached; she "ought to have cried 'Shame, desecrating the house of God with lies'". Churchill, who peppered his private dispatches as well as his speeches with Biblical references, chose his text from the Book of Maccabees: "Arm yourselves, and be ye men of valour, and be in readiness for the conflict; for it is better for us to perish in battle than to look upon the outrage of our nation and our altar."

Some of his ministerial associates, survivors from the *ancien régime*, shared neither his ardour nor his confidence. Ties between him and Chamberlain proved unexpectedly close, but Halifax (whose elevation to the premiership in 1940 might well have been fatal) remained susceptible to peace proposals through the period of the phoney war. Attlee, Greenwood, and other Labour colleagues gave more resolute backing to the point that Churchill could not envisage fighting a post-war election against men "who had cooperated so loyally".

No less amazing than his courage was his unflinching energy, at least in these early wartime years. "Churchill's 'sphere' was whatever he could see, sense or remember; it was everything he heard and everything that was on his

mind." In the midst of crisis, he found time to work on his *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*, to sit reluctantly for a Cecil Beaton portrait, and to study newspaper comment. Martin Gilbert presents a vivid picture of Churchill's daily routine, taking pains to minimize (on the authority of Sir John Colville and contrary to other evidence) the quantity of Churchill's consumption of alcohol. Best of all, he unravels Churchill's complicated negotiations with Washington, awarding full credit to Arthur Purvis, who gave his life for that cause.

The welter of information, at times more overwhelming than instructive, might have been alleviated by fewer and shorter extracts from published works, particularly Churchill's own retrospective accounts. Likewise, certain letters of congratulation and commendation might have been consigned to the "companion" volumes, where the extensive memoranda will presumably be reproduced. If Churchill had a particular fault, ventured Colonel (later Lieutenant-General Sir) Ian Jacob, "it was to go too much into detail". With due respect, the same must be said about his official biographer, whose achievement awaits proper appraisal at its conclusion.

Gossip made permanent

Barbara Hardy

MEREDITH B. RAYMOND and MARY ROSE SULLIVAN (Editors)

The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Mary Russell Mitford 1836-1854

Volume 1, 431pp. Volume 2, 464pp. Volume 3, 496pp. Wedgstone Press, PO Box 175, Winkfield, KS 67156. 0 911459 00 6

The Brownings wrote nothing more startling than their own lives. Their story is a more-than-twice-told tale, but since letters, like formal narratives, are shaped by individual moods and needs, this collection is a new situation. The journal-like recordings of the sequestered life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the restrained account of her passage into the experience of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and the final bulletins from the expanded world of marriage, maternity, strength, and travel, are communications shaped for the sollicitous, dependent, and busy ear of Miss Mitford. The letters, covering a period of marked changes and crises in the life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and are one side of a companionable and intimate exchange between two strong and remarkable women who wrote often and met seldom.

The editors remark the advantages of such conditions as they defend the expansion and revision of Betty Miller's selection in 1954, and look ahead to the eventual publication of the whole Browning correspondence. They argue unpersuasively that the letters "demonstrably" give us "the best" of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Beside the correspondence between the Brownings, with its passion, profundity, openness and continuity, these letters seem to speak from an edited self. The case for isolating any correspondence is strong, but Elizabeth Barrett Browning's variations of style and material are not fully brought out in such a selection. The isolation itself has an arbitrariness: it is impossible for readers who know the letters to other correspondents not to rebel or consult these variations. This is a lavishly, at times verbosely, annotated volume but the editors seldom take us between the lines to see what Elizabeth Barrett Browning was saying about Miss Mitford to other correspondents.

The friendship began, as is well known, with Elizabeth Barrett Barrett admiring and deferential, then gradually easing into equality, and ending in a diminution of respect, though not of affection. Until 1845, when Elizabeth Barrett Barrett started to correspond with Robert Browning, she depended on Miss Mitford for a sustained critical exchange of literary taste and experience, and though the discussions are shortwinded, compared with the conversational give-and-take of the letters to Browning, they are alive and alert. She defends the suggestiveness and "unspoken" qualities in Tennyson, the

vigorous promise of Browning's obscurity, and attacks the feebleness of many of the "poetasters" admired by her older correspondent. Much of the debate is taken up with intelligent judgments on faded poets, like Hunt, Horne, and Mrs Hemans. The good taste is by no means all on one side. One of the poets in Miss Mitford's list of enthusiasms was John Clare, whose situation Elizabeth Barrett Barrett found more poignant than his verse. There are vivid remarks, like the comment on Tennyson's "phantasmal" sensuality, on George Darley's appeal to the fancy rather than the imagination, on the monotonous strain in Lamartine. She defends her own romantic mysticism, uncongenial to the down-to-earth Miss Mitford.

The most lively conversation is about fiction. Elizabeth Barrett Barrett finds Jane Austen lacking in poetry, but she allows the persuasiveness of Miss Mitford's beloved *Persuasion*, a novel with "touches of a higher impulse than we look generally to receive from her genius". She admires Dickens less than Balzac, Hugo, Carlyle, and George Sand, all sufficiently poetic to please the poet. The friends came to confound and encourage a mutual love of the popular French novels of Eugene Sue and Frédéric Soulié. After welcoming Miss Mitford's tolerance of her own taste for fiction which might "stink", but had "wildness, power, and the capacity to 'make me light up and make me feel alive to the ends of my fingers'". Elizabeth Barrett Barrett took out a library subscription for her friend — a piquant addition to her regular presents of oysters and chocolate — beginning by ordering, for a start, fifty volumes of Paul de Kock, that favourite of Molly Bloom's. The unembarrassed sharing of this taste led to candid discussions of fantasy, social realism, and humour, but the freedom is always Victorian. Miss Mitford is thanked for preventing a "tête à tête with her conscience", and the shared love of "noughtiness" is rationalized: "you are right and wise, I believe, as well as being lenient — & what you properly call 'a chapter' in the 'poetical' literature of our times, and not to be skipped by thoughtful persons for the sake of the apparent want of a moral; when there is in fact a moral to all evil as to all good if we read out strong souls to the search." Even after the Browning marriage, Miss Mitford suggests that Elizabeth Barrett Browning may be supplied with the Gallic nourishment from a library in Leghorn. Robert Browning's attitude was more nonchalant, for his wife writes how he threw down a French novel remarking that it was just the thing for Da.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning remained affectionately grateful to the friend whose strong opinions and lively intelligence stimulated and sustained her through her remoteness and loneliness after the death of her brother, Edward, drowned in Torquay after staying to support Elizabeth Barrett Barrett's conversion against their father's wishes. But friendship has its give and take. Once Robert Browning appears, first in letters, then in person,

the limitations of the friendship and the correspondence become apparent. Even the conventionally high style of affection cannot co-exist with the language of love: a detail, like the discontinued use of "Your Own" after the return to the "Yours affectionately" which the correspondence had begun, shows a scrupulous sense of emotional priority. It was not for nothing that the dog Flush — Miss Mitford's present — but Robert Browning. The arrival of Browning not only compelled Elizabeth Barrett Barrett to revise her sense of intimacy, but supplanted fragmentary talk by a sustained colloquy about people and poetry. Early on, Elizabeth Barrett Barrett sometimes marvels at her affinity with Miss Mitford, but not after the discovery of a better affinity. She even tells Browning that she and Miss Mitford are "strangers" and later speaks of their incompatibility. When she gets the first letter from Robert, and later when they meet for the first time, she writes a letter to Miss Mitford saying nothing about him, and then another giving the news briefly, asking casually whether she has already mentioned it. The imagery of the seasons is borrowed from the letters of friendship by the love-letters and then restored with intensity and ambiguity. On March 25, 1845, she writes to Miss Mitford that she admits "the spring & am alive to hope again", says her "heart is not however in a calm yet — it must have time I suppose, and tells how she is building her 'nest in a green tree'. Five days earlier the imagery of seasons appears in a letter to Robert: "April is coming. There will be a May and a June if we live to see such things. A week or so after she received the first Browning letters, in January, she recurs to their old disagreement about his poetry: 'my opinion is that Browning's name will stand, when the spring comes', Miss Mitford was right to speak of Browning 'stealing' her friend.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning admitted the impulsive spontaneity of her letter-writing, comparing her pen with "that bewitched broom. In the story, which being sent to draw water, drew bucket after bucket, until the whole house was in flood". Miss Mitford not only compared her (rich) letters to those of Madame de Sévigné and Cowper put together, but summed up the correspondence as "really talk, freestyle talk, neither better nor worse, assuming a form of permanence, gossip, daguerreotypes". The shared gossip is the excited indulgence of two unmarried women, curiously speculating on love and marriage. It continued after the Browning marriage, often exchanging physical details of miscarriages and motherhood, for "those of ageing", all gossip, however "innate-sounding", is not necessarily candid in confession, and the correspondence with Miss Mitford has its reservations. The crisis of Edward's death is described in full to Robert, not to Miss Mitford, and Robert rightly took the revelation as an advance in their intimacy. The Browning suffered on two occasions from Miss Mitford's village idylls.

creation: the first time was when Benjamin Haydon committed suicide, and Miss Mitford's talk about his correspondence with Elizabeth Barrett Barrett led to disturbing talk; the second came when Miss Mitford published details about Edward's death in her discussion of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her *Recollections of a Literary Life*. The letter to Miss Mitford in which Elizabeth Barrett Browning remonstrates and forgives is a model of candour, dignity, and affection.

A prominent feature in this exchange is implicit and explicit feminist concern. Elizabeth Barrett Barrett compares herself — to



Mary Russell Mitford

Browning — with one of Richardson's scribbling heroines and the isolated correspondence of two women, like that in *Clarissa Harlowe*, brings out the vulnerability and the solidarity of women. In Victorian society, too, fathers and brothers could be as destructive as seducers. If Elizabeth Barrett Barrett is a descendant of Clarissa (meeting with a happier fate), Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, Senior, and Miss Mitford's selfish, spendthrift father, are descendants of Mr Harlowe. The horrors of filial love and "submission" are doubled and generalized. This subject of women's disadvantage, stressed by the letters of friendship and not by the love-letters, is not mentioned in the editors' special pleading. Elizabeth Barrett Barrett's strengths were elicited and developed by the relation with Robert Browning, but her explicit discussion of women's capacity is deprecatory. She tells Browning (as she had indeed told Miss Mitford) that she believes women's intellectual capacity is quick, but inferior in power, speaking like some of the superior and inferior men in *The Mill on the Floss*.

Yet there are many occasions when she speaks revealingly to Miss Mitford of the "authoritarian" world of men in which they are enslaved and oppressed. When the *Lancet* in 1846, that Harriet Martineau's therapeutic mesmerism had sexual implications, Elizabeth Barrett Barrett Browning indignantly pointed out that the journal ignored the important fact that the hypnotist was a woman.

She angrily quotes "a woman of intelligence & refinement" who accused Mrs Jameson of unconscious "because women are not as wicked as men", and deplores the ignorance of both sexes. She attacks the deficiencies of woman's education:

When I said lightly to Mr Boyd one day that the difference between men & women arose from the inferiority of the education of the latter, he asked me WHY the education was inferior, & so brought the argument to an end. I shd not dare to write to a common woman, — but you, who are a woman & a man in one, will judge if it isn't a hard & difficult process for a woman to be forgiven for her strength by her grace. You who have accomplished this, know it is hard — and I wish woman of letters knows it is hard.

This successful woman of letters suffered and submitted to the nature of woman's position. In 1845 she was asked to write an *Anti-Corn Law* poem. "The Cry of the Children" was a response to parliamentary reports of a commission investigating child labour, and she thought of this venture as similarly "not a mere party-poem but the voicing of 'a great public suffering'". An impassioned assertion of her "essential radicalism" and her poetic ideals is brought up short, "Oh — I did not vex Papa for the world." Papa was on this occasion supported by his son who laughed at the ladies' committee who had sent the invitation and at the idea of my verses doing good at all, a woman's verses!" When the dramatic male chorus was strengthened by two admirers of Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, John Kenyon and Henry Chorley, who threatened her with the destruction of her "poetical reputation", she saw "that it was necessary to execute my plan" and did so at once, not waiting for Miss Mitford's advice, "with as sharp an axe as possible". Humiliated, self-hating, and regretful, she concludes that it was impossible to be "contrary to the advice of all around", especially against my own father's. In her childhood she was incomprehensibly not being born a man, read and agreed with Mary Wollstonecraft (whose name she misspelled) at twelve. She regrets a tendency of women to "defend themselves in their weakness & deficiencies". For the struggles for life, the criticism of *The Princess*, she suggests, long before Virginia Woolf — that some male institutional privileges are not worth having.

What woman will tell the great poet that Mary Wollstonecraft, however never dreamt of setting up colleges, states, per freedom & the real, which is a worn-out platitude in the hands of one sex already, & need not be transferred in order to be proved ridiculous?

Politics is less dominant in these letters than in the later Italian period, but the position of woman is frequently illuminated by this correspondence of two brilliant women beleaguered by patriarchy.

Focusing on the Führer

J. D. Noakes

IAN KERSHAW

Der Hitler-Mythos: Volksmeinung und Propaganda in Dritten Reich 215pp. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags Anstalt. 3 421 01985 1

Popular Opinion and Political Dissent in the Third Reich: Bavaria 1933-1945. 425pp. Oxford University Press. £22.50. 0 19 821922 9

The popular image of German society under Nazi rule is confusing: on the one hand the Führer surrounded by adoring crowds; on the other, the Gestapo and the concentration camps — together with Stalin's Russia, the archetype of a modern régime of terror. It is a picture which raises questions crucial to our understanding of Nazism and perhaps of modern industrial society generally. What were the respective roles of consent and coercion in sustaining the régime and what was the nature of that consent? How much dissent existed behind the façade of national unity and was it terror alone that rendered it so ineffective?

Surprisingly, this is a question which has long been neglected. Not until 1966 did a book appear which advanced our understanding beyond the works published before 1945. In part, this delay was a consequence of a rather strict theory of totalitarianism which dominated the 1950s. Nazi Germany was seen as a "totalitarian" society in which the population had been "atomized" and "mobilized" through a ubiquitous system of terror and sophisticated propaganda apparatus. The Germans had been simultaneously terrorized into submission by the Gestapo and brainwashed through ideological indoctrination. Scholars studied the laws and the decrees, the propaganda directives and the publications generated by the régime, but they had not taken the appearance for the reality. The Nazis themselves claimed to have created a national community in which all those traditional cleavages which divided the nation — divisions based on class, religion, regional loyalties and so on — had been overcome in a common membership of, and service to, the nation and its leader. Scholars of the totalitarian school tended to accept a kind of negative version of this claim, in which the German people had been reduced to an anonymous mass of isolated individuals.

In 1966 David Schoenbaum's brilliant, richly suggestive study, *Hitler's*

Social Revolution, at last opened up new perspectives. Schoenbaum drew attention to the crucial distinction between objective social reality and its interpretation by the individual. While accepting that the objective reality was the opposite of what Hitler had promised and what most of his followers expected — specifically, that the traditional social hierarchy had been left largely intact — he insisted that the interpreted social reality "reflected a society united like no other in recent German history" and that in the subjective view of the working class a "triumph of egalitarianism" had taken place between 1933 and 1939. In Schoenbaum's view it was this interpreted social reality which formed the basis of mass consent for the régime.

Another influential contribution to the analysis of German society under Nazism, which appeared in the same year, was Ralf Dahrendorf's *Society and Democracy in Germany*, offering essentially a more sophisticated version of the totalitarian thesis. He argued that, in the process of their industrial coordination of social life, the Nazis were obliged to carry out a form of social revolution which brought about the modernization of German society by destroying traditional loyalties, norms and values. Paradoxically, because of its need for total control, a movement which had set out to create a *Volkgemeinschaft* had ended up by creating a *Gesellschaft*.

The problem with both of these stimulating studies, and indeed with all previous attempts to analyse German society under the Nazis, was that the evidence on which they were based was severely limited. Documents, pamphlets, newspapers and so on gave some idea of what various individual Nazi leaders and organizations intended to happen. Statistics and other material showed to some extent what actually had happened. It was, however, much more difficult to discover what people thought was happening and how they responded to that awareness. What was "interpreted" by the Hitler of 1939 was not the same Führer as the Hitler of 1933, who in turn was not the same as the Hitler of 1923. Above all, he was not, as some historians — particularly his biographers — are inclined to see him, an entirely autonomous individual, a god-like figure on the Obersalzberg, determining events according to doctrines inscribed on tables of stone. He must be understood as a crucial component within a political structure, a man performing a vital role, a function within a complex and changing political system. Clearly, that role was in some respects and on some occasions decisive. The problem is to define it with any precision in view

of the chaos and opacity of the decision-making processes within the régime.

Kershaw's second book, on popular opinion in Bavaria, concentrates on the nature of dissent in the Third Reich. Bavaria was selected primarily because the sources there are particularly favourable. Unlike other areas it has complete runs of police reports, from the local *Schutzmann* up through district headquarters to the state level covering virtually the whole period. Admittedly, Bavaria was in two important respects untypical of Germany as a whole: it was predominantly rural and predominantly Catholic. Nevertheless, on balance I think the advantages outweigh the disadvantages.

The book sets out to provide "an empirical study of the political mentality and attitudes of ordinary Germans in Bavaria", of how they reacted to change instigated by Nazi policy and ideology. In particular, it aims to explore the extent to which Nazism was able to transform social and political values. Kershaw stresses dissent as "the voicing of attitudes, frequently spontaneous, which in any way whatsoever ran counter to or were critical of Nazism". He examines it through three central aspects: the differing response of peasantry, working class and petty bourgeoisie; the effect of conflicts between church and state on the church-going population, and the extent to which religious values could withstand Nazi assault; and finally, the impact of antisemitism on popular opinion.

Kershaw's conclusions challenge previous interpretations. First, he demonstrates that "beneath the apparent unity of the 'national community' which so impressed contemporaries, the Third Reich was a remarkably disunited society. Old tensions, particularly those of class, continued and were to some extent exacerbated by Nazi policies. Second, he argues that society — in Bavaria at any rate — was not 'atomized', that class and religious loyalties remained largely intact. Third, following on from that, he questions whether people's sense of status, their interpretation of their social position, changed very much. He concludes that 'material conditions directly affecting the everyday lives of the population provided the most continuous and usually the most dominant influence upon the formation of 'political opinion', often involving an acute sense of social injustice; but that 'the deepest antagonisms and the sharpest forms of dissent and popular opposition were in relation to religious questions'.

The book contains many examples of discontent and criticism of the

résumé. Much of this, as Kershaw points out, was simply traditional grumbling about such things as prices and shortages which are common in any society. Under the Third Reich, however, any discontent could be construed as hostile to the régime, so that it was automatically politicized. Why then did this widespread discontent fail to pose a serious threat? Nazi Germany was after all brought down by outside intervention not by internal subversion. Part of the answer was terror, which, during the war years, increased in intensity parallel to the growth of discontent. But just as important was the fact that for most people discontent was only partial. While the middle-class grumbled about material difficulties, they could identify with many of the values of the régime — its nationalism, its emphasis on "law and order", and its hostility to the Left. Even the workers — the least integrated section — welcomed the restoration of full employment; and virtually all groups respected Hitler, the very embodiment of the régime.

One crucial issue omitted from this book is the attitudes of youth. It has often been argued that the Nazis had considerable success in winning over youth, in exploiting generation conflict at home and at school, and replacing traditional values. It has recently been suggested, for example, that the destruction of the Social Democratic Trade Union subculture among the working class created a vacuum which encouraged young working people to move away from traditional patterns of class solidarity towards a more individualistic, achievement-oriented ethic, preparing the way for the *Wirtschaftswunder* culture of the 1950s. Here there may be something in the Dahrendorf thesis. Kershaw's sources also do not permit much differentiation between categories within social groups — for example between skilled and unskilled labour. What is clearly now needed is a number of studies of particular plants, villages, urban communities — new towns such as the Volkswagen city of Wolfsburg — which would be particularly interesting — using the recent *Alltagsgeschichte* approach of oral history to see how far the Nazis merely exploited social trends, the cult of sport for example, which were already under way in the 1920s.

In the meantime, Dr Kershaw has greatly increased our understanding of the German people's attitudes and behaviour under Nazi rule, and of the roots of consent and dissent. His two books are fine examples of the best British historical scholarship: lucid and refreshingly free from jargon, rich in fascinating new material, perceptive in analysis, balanced in judgment, and humane in spirit.

The new Noto

Joseph Rykwert

STEPHEN TOBRINER

The Genesis of Noto: An Eighteenth-Century Sicilian City
252pp, with black-and-white illustrations. Zwemmer, £60.
0 302 00543 9

Early in the morning of January 9, 1763, the whole eastern side of Sicily was shaken by a powerful earthquake; intermittent tremors which followed came to a fearful destructive climax two nights later – it was the worst earthquake that Sicily had experienced for several centuries. Sixty thousand are said to have died in the catastrophe itself, and still more of the disease and famine which followed. Messina, Catania, Syracuse were all affected. Messina least on this occasion, since most of the damage was to the south. All three main cities were rebuilt where they stood, though only Catania, on the instance of the Spanish Viceroy's Vicar for the stricken territories, Giuseppe Lanza, Duke of Camastra, received wider and straighter streets, the semblance of a

rationalized plan. Several smaller towns such as Rausa were extended and amplified in the same way as Catania and others were moved to wholly new sites. The Prince of Butera planned the hexagonal town of Grammichele to take the population of wrecked Occhialà; Avola, on the coast, was moved a few miles and also given a regular hexagonal and fortified plan by Angelo Italia, a Jesuit engineer who was also involved in the planning of the new town of Noto.

When he took over the two Sicilies in 1504, Ferdinand the Catholic had called Noto *Urbs Ingeniosa*. At the time of the earthquake the small town had its own academy (dei Trasformati) and there were a number of learned nobles as well as a large religious contingent, both male and female. It was protected by the opulent shrine of its own hermit saint, Corrado. Mythically, it had been founded by the Sicilian king Ducetius and it was the last Mosaic fortress to surrender to Roger the Norman. Because of the strength of its position the completely wrecked site of the old city could not be abandoned lightly; in any case, the walls were left standing, and there was still good water in the wells. But the destruction had been traumatic, and a

number of alternative sites were put forward by various citizens. In the end, with the backing of the Viceroy, the Meti plateau was chosen, about four and a half miles down the Asinara stream from the old town. In *The Genesis of Noto* Stephen Tobriner sets out the advantages of the different sites proposed and gives a good deal of attention to the disputes about them, but unfortunately does not make full use of the available material so his account remains anecdotal and inert. It is hard to understand why Meti was chosen, why the lower slopes (which the Vicar wished to leave out of bounds) were so quickly settled or why – if the site was chosen for strategic reasons – it was never fortified although the inhabitants complained constantly of bandit incursions.

About six months after the earthquake the shrine of San Corrado was carried in solemn procession from the old Noto to Meti and set up there in a temporary chapel, probably where the Cathedral now stands: so the mark

of settlement was made. The original grid plan (or rather two slightly disjointed plans) was laid out above it on the plateau; a third (Tobriner mentions only) was laid out on the lower plain. Although all this planning took months rather than years, these incoherencies, and the pattern of squares – as Tobriner, in my view rightly, suggests – may be the rump of a symmetrical, diamond-on-square layout, perhaps like that of nearby Avola, and therefore also attributable to Italia.

During this period the inhabitants were very unsettled. A plebiscite five years after the foundation of the new town asked the citizens (all 747 of them) to decide whether they wanted to stay in the unsatisfactory new town or return to the old one; a substantial majority opted for the new site. The division seems to have been largely a class one, the small farmers and journeymen wanted to go back, while those who already had substantial investments on the Meti preferred to

stay. Again Tobriner does not quibble enough. A few years later a new Viceroyal commission condemned the old settlement, which however was then deserted so the decision had become irrevocable. Slowly (and in fine, compact sandstone of which it is built, gives us little idea of what it was like when) the present character of the town took shape: the consistent paving of the streets was not even begun until the 1870s. How photogenic it is those who remember Antonioni's film *L'Avventura* will appreciate.

Noto is one of the great urban spectacles of Sicily, or even of Italy. It is therefore good to have this careful account of it in English. But while Tobriner's rather finicky prose provides a great deal of information, some of it previously unknown, the schematic layout of the book does not make it easy to read. The content in which his account should be seen is urban development in the Western world, as he suggests, but eighteenth-century Sicily, which most of its builders had never left, and on which Tobriner is regrettably sketchy. From the vast number of theories of town-planning and fortification which eighteenth-century print-shops buy, he selects Cattaneo and Scamozzi as if they were isolated figures; and he fails to mention the many regularly planned Sicilian settlements which existed at the time of the earthquake.

Of the three most important architects, Rosario Gagliardi is introduced as something of a discovery to the English reader, although there are a number of monographs on him in Italian; moreover, although Tobriner makes rather too high claims for his *barocchetto* architect in comparing him to the Roman masters, his true genius (which seems to lie in his plan) is not fully brought out, while the originality and ambition of his proposed treatise (to judge by the drawings which Tobriner himself reproduces) is underplayed. The other more notable architects, Vincenzo Sinatra and the grandiose but ungraceful Paolo Labisi, were a constant conflict: again Tobriner is anecdotal, but less than helpful when accounting for Labisi's veneration by the German philosopher, Christian Wolff, whose great influence on European architecture (to be fair to Tobriner) has not been fully appreciated.

Neill's is the less dramatic life history. One of the four surviving children of a Scottish village schoolmaster, he grew up, under the reign of the tawse and the catechism and his father's critical eye, to be a confirmed dunce – 103rd out of 104 in the examination for entry to teacher training. But gradually, with the help of his father and some teaching experience that revealed a natural flair with children, the ugly duckling passed examinations, reached university, and graduated at the age of twenty-nine. He spent a couple of years in journalism and then became headmaster of a village school. Here, surprisingly unhindered, he began to put into practice the methods he was later to develop at Summerhill.

Jonathan Croall has been diligent in interviewing not only former Summerhill pupils but survivors from these distant early days of Neill's work. They remember a happy and free school and dominion with no false dignity. Children chose their own lessons, read adventure stories instead of official primers and learned comparative religion instead of "Scripture". Neill kept log-books, and in 1915 the first of a series, *A Dominie's Log*, came out with considerable success. He had become headmaster, and gave sexual counselling in free clinics. Later he became a director of the German Association for Proletarian Education. Neill, he was seriously believed that if sexual problems would disappear – the very opposite to Freud's view that society was only held together by the sacrifice of personal gratification. By the early 1930s, from working with the most idealistic of motives, Reich found himself expelled by the analysis because of his views on sexual freedom. He was deeply hurt, and the paranoid streak in his character was established.

It was well and truly reinforced by his experiences in Scandinavia, where he moved to make a new start. Here his work began to take a new and crinkly turn. He had already developed the idea of "muscular armouring", and worked therapeutically more with verbal tensions than with verbal free associations. Now he became interested in changes in electrical charges from the skin, and this involved putting measuring instruments on people while they were sexually excited. Less shocking to the prudish but more grandiose, he claimed to have actually discovered through his microscope the origin of living matter, a claim which had been dismissed by everyone he turned to for substantiation. The newspapers

Two years at Homer Lane's Little Commonweath for young delinquents influenced Neill profoundly and made him set his sights on an experimental school of his own. Lane introduced him to Freud and carried out a sort of psychoanalysis on him, consisting mainly of long lectures on Neill's character. Neill did more journalism and published more books, was briefly analysed by Stekel and made his first shot at his own school by running a wing of the Dalroze School in Haggerston in 1924, when he was forty-one. He brought his pupils to a house in Leiston, Suffolk, and from there on his story is the story of Summerhill.

Reich was thirty-nine, Neill fifty-three when they met. Reich's life had been turbulent and his childhood traumas in an "outlying Austro-Hungarian province very different from Neill's in Scotland, though both had authoritarian fathers. The chapter on Reich's boyhood is appropriately entitled by Myron Sharaf "The Tragedy, the Curse, and the Origin of The Mission". Born into a rich Jewish family, the boy Reich did indeed bring a curse on the family: he overheard his mother in bed with her lover, reported it to his jealous father, and precipitated the mother's suicide. By the time he was seventeen, his father had also died, reportedly

JONATHAN CROALL

Neill of Summerhill: The Permanent Rebel
436pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £12.95.
0 7100 9300 4

MYRON SHARAF

Fury on Earth: A Biography of Wilhelm Reich
596pp. André Deutsch, £16.95.
0 233 9744 6

No two men could seem to be more different than the subjects of these two biographies: Neill a gentle, humorous, much loved man and Reich an impossible paranoid blusterer who left no friend unturned into an enemy – except perhaps Neill. But they were alike in that both pulled themselves up out of grossly unpropitious childhood circumstances and both believed, as the saving obverse of these circumstances, in the innate goodness of man; that but for religion and repression and morality every child could grow up free and good. Both therefore ran up against not only the prim and punitive but also those with a better grip on common sense; but where Neill aroused affection and surprisingly little hostility towards "that dreadful school", Reich was hounded wherever he went and ended up, as he predicted, dying like a dog in a prison cell. Their twenty-year friendship was a phenomenon.

The early work was indeed very perceptive. Reich was originally one of Freud's favourites ("der beste Kopf" in the Society). In *Character Analysis* he focused in more detail than had previously been done on the resistances of the analysand. "No interpretation of content without first analysing the resistance" probably still sounds sensible to analysts; but it already points to Reich's attraction to conflict and drama and confrontation. And even considering the conflict-ridden atmosphere of early psychoanalysis he managed to antagonize everyone spectacularly fast.

His break with Freud was partly on account of his increasing insistence on "genitality" as the criterion of all health. "We have here a Dr Reich, a worthy but impetuous young man, passionately devoted to his hobby horse, who now salutes in the genital orgasm the antidote to every neurosis", wrote Freud – and partly on account of his "sex-pol" activities. He creditably tried to bring the fruits of psychoanalysis to the masses as well as to the moneyed private patient, and gave sexual counselling in free clinics. Later he became a director of the German Association for Proletarian Education. Neill, he was seriously believed that if sexual problems would disappear – the very opposite to Freud's view that society was only held together by the sacrifice of personal gratification. By the early 1930s, from working with the most idealistic of motives, Reich found himself expelled by the analysis because of his views on sexual freedom. He was deeply hurt, and the paranoid streak in his character was established.

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There are no critics in America and the critical mind is non-existent. At first it was a constant disappointment that if asked what sort

The dominie and the quack

Rosemary Dinnage

through a kind of indirect suicide by deliberately catching pneumonia. The orphaned Reich became a medical student, was attracted to Freud's circle and by the time he was twenty-three – when Neill had been an obscure assistant teacher in a village – was beginning to practice as an analyst. "The origin of the mission" implies that Reich's increasing insistence on sexuality and the orgasm as the measure of all things sprang from the childhood trauma: that he thereby not only overcame his horror at what he had overheard but spent his life justifying his mother.

Croall's *Neill of Summerhill* is a good workmanlike book; the huge Reich biography, as befits its flamboyant subject, is a different style of thing altogether. Strings of acknowledgements to supportive helpers imply that this was a labour of Hercules; and Sharaf, who was a colleague of Reich's for a time, tells a curious story of how he came to be involved with him. Sharaf's mother was psychotic in rather the same way that Reich became, and repeatedly told her about a perfect future society that would be founded on a chemical produced in the blood during orgasm. When Sharaf read books by a living psychoanalyst saying something of the same sort, he was understandably impressed enough to want to start working with him. Reich was always three-quarters sane anyway (Sharaf takes him entirely seriously as a genius) and Sharaf happily started work and psychotherapy with him. Later he had second thoughts; Reich went off with his wife, the therapy fell through and Sharaf went on to do more conventional psychiatric training. He nevertheless remains committed to Reich and the value of his work.

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mounted a vicious campaign against the quack. It was at this point that he met Neill.

Neill had been impressed by Reich's book on the psychology of fascism. The two met, stayed up talking for hours, and Neill declared: "Reich, you are the man I've been looking for for years, the man who joins up the somatic within the psychological. Can I come to you as a student?" He had been running Summerhill with considerable success for twelve years and had proved himself outstandingly gifted in dealing with difficult children. As one of his staff said, it didn't really matter what theories Neill held because "his practice with children was almost infallible". From his unpromising beginnings he had gone on to acquire confidence and status and skills. But his personal life seems to have been problematic; it is not clear whether this advocate of sexual freedom had had any sexual experience at all, though he had a marriage in name to the older woman who ran the school with him. His periods of therapy with Reich seem to have freed him sexually and it is understandable that he felt he owed Reich admiration and gratitude.

In the late 1930s Neill visited Reich in Norway several times and they developed a fast friendship which was unique for each of them. Colleagues of Reich from this period who were interviewed by Sharaf claimed that Reich was still a warm and charismatic man and that it was in the last years that he became more and more rage-ridden, unreliable and obsessive. Neill, the expert on difficult children, obviously handled Reich well and Reich must have been grateful. "Neill, am I crazy?" he would ask, and Neill reply affectionately, "Crazy as a coot."

Crazy Reich did without doubt become in his last years – yet the odd thing is that he remained part sane even while his obsession with his so-called scientific discoveries deepened. As early as 1941 (he died in 1957) he was writing to Neill that he alone possessed the secret of the earth's organic radiation; could predict and control the weather, understand mental and physical illnesses and that "finally, I alone dispose of the formula and the experiments which give mankind power over the raising of living substance from non-living substance". This is reminiscent of the astrologer in *Rosseter*: "I have possessed for five years the regulation

of the weather, and the distribution of the seasons; the sun has listened to my dictates, and passed from tropic to tropic by my prediction; the clouds, at my call, have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command; I have restrained the rage of the dog-star, and mitigated the fervours of the crab." Neill must have suspected a mad streak, but his attitude was that he was no scientist himself and that "R. is right about psychology, and he can't then be a fool about biology". In the post-war years, to his bitter disappointment, Neill was refused an American visa, so he only knew of Reich's progress from his letters.

Though both men were surrounded by colleagues, both seem to have been lonely. Neill piloted Summerhill through many storms and began to weary as he grew old. Reich's son Peter – believing in free children as the world's only hope, Reich raised unhappy ones – stayed at Summerhill and talked about menacing neoplatonism and his father's protectors; when Reich heard that Neill had tried to laugh the boy out of his delusions, he added Neill to his list of enemies. He was now locked in a battle with America's Food and Drug Administration, who met craziness with craziness by burning his equipment and taking him to court over his "orgone accumulators".

"Your short letter made me cry," wrote Neill; "it seemed to symbolize your loneliness, your misery in this abominable martyrdom." Reich I love you. I cannot think of your being punished by an insane prison sentence." But Reich, entangled in paranoia and bureaucracy, was sent to jail and died alone in his cell of a heart attack. Neill faded away peacefully at the age of eighty-nine sixteen years later.

Both men left legacies of mixed value. Summerhill survives, and a number of schools have been modelled on it, especially in America; without Neill's charisma they have been less successful. Educational reforms have meanwhile gone forward under their own momentum. Reich has been indirectly influential on the new therapies of the encounter group type, but his orgone work has never been validated. The permissive society they both planned their hopes on has certainly arrived; but they might be disillusioned by its translation from dream to reality, and find "anti-life" people and policies as omnipresent as ever.

Companionabilities

Roy Foster

JOSEPH HONE (Editor)

J. B. Yeats: Letters to his son W. B. Yeats and others 1869-1922
296pp. Secker and Warburg/Arts Council of Great Britain, £7.95.
0 436 59205 3

"I do not attach any great importance to my letters," wrote John Butler Yeats to his son Willie, "but think that if they were bolted down there must result an essence of good." In fact, like many improvident charmers with a touch of genius, he was an inspired correspondent; known all his life as the best of good company, his brilliance often expressed best in the challenging sketches of his letters. Yeats's friend and patron John Quinn, Secker and Warburg have reprinted the 1944 edition of his selected correspondence, with the original memoir and preface. It takes the story from early days in Fitzroy Road, through the Bedford Park circle, to his last years holding court at West 29th Street, New York, where he discovered his *inlet* and whence he obdurately refused to return. The energy and appreciativeness of Americans was a tonic to his old age; though he was characteristically aware of the compensating disadvantages.

There are no critics in America and the critical mind is non-existent. At first it was a constant disappointment that if asked what sort

of a person Mrs B was, or Mr B. I would get by way of reply nothing but enthusiastic appreciation. They are in that primitive state in which people think that to criticize is to condemn. How Chas. Lamb would have puzzled them.

Welcome as it is to have these letters, it seems an unpardonable short-cut simply to reprint them in this reconstituted form. Blanks are left to protect the names of those still living; forty years ago, but unlikely to be offended now. The original footnotes remain, erratic and unhelpful. Such shortcomings are thrown into harsh relief by the appearance seven years ago of William Murphy's vast and scholarly biography, *Prodigal Father*, not to mention his own exacting edition of J. B. Yeats's letters from 1890 to 1901. The existence of these works, as well as B. L. Reid's detailed study of Yeats's friend and patron John Quinn, make the annotation of these letters a straightforward business; at very least some kind of up-to-date introduction and commentary is called for. The rationale behind this reissue (and others from the same stable) seems to reflect a desire to jump on an economical bandwagon rather than to make available inaccessible texts in an enlightening format.

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Manifold mannerisms

J. M. Richards

DAVID DEAN

The Thirties: Recalling the English Architectural Scene
144pp, with colour and black-and-white illustrations. Trefoil Books, £11.95 (paperback, £5.95).
0 86294 033 8

This is an anthology rather than a systematic survey, but it adds up to a useful reminder of how lacking in a sense of purpose and direction the decade of half a century ago was – a characteristic emphasized the more strongly by David Dean's decision to subdivide his narrative into building types, dealing successively with housing, churches, civic buildings, educational buildings and so on, rather than treating it chronologically. His reminder, fortified by a wealth of illustrations, of that decade's wide variety of styles and mannerisms, will serve as a corrective to the present tendency to associate the 1930s mainly with the rise of the much-abused Modern Movement in architecture which reached England from the Continent at this time, as did a number of its leading practitioners in person, only to move on, with a few exceptions, to America a few years later.

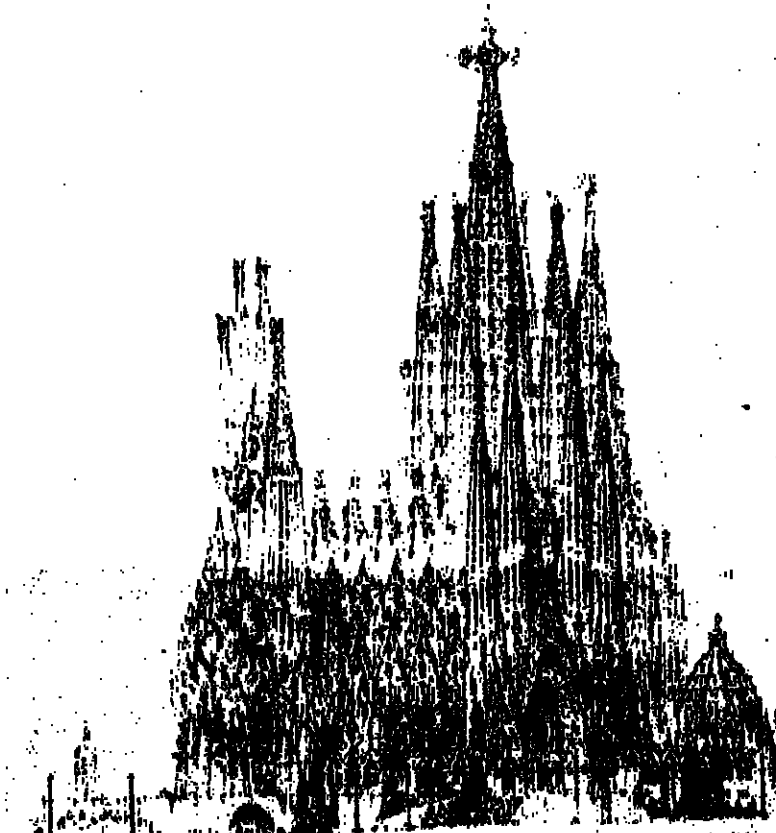
In fact, as Dean's well-balanced choice of illustrations indicates, the efforts of the so-called Modernists had a very small impact on the English architectural scene. They were hardly noticed within the profession and totally ignored by the public at large. The main influence of Modernism came later, and then it was largely destructive. Instead of creating a well-disciplined new idiom such as its proponents aspired to develop out of new needs, techniques and contemporary visual images, its unfortunate outcome, for English architecture generally, was to create an era of widespread, illiterate. Architects, encouraged by this new Movement to discard the historic styles which had at least provided the less able with some recognized framework within which to design, indulged in crudities based on no style at all. Moreover, their uncritical enthusiasm for new materials and techniques led to the production of buildings that looked shabby within a few years of completion, if they did not also let in the rain.

But this was after the period Dean describes. In the 1930s traditional craftsmanship could still be practised and was at the disposal of the purveyors of an astonishing variety of styles, though few architects were prepared to treat them in the scholarly way that was the rule when scholarship was so highly valued in the nineteenth century. The most easily identifiable styles of the 1930s included the routine

official Georgian used for post-offices and telephone exchanges (and for blocks of flats far higher than the Georgians had ever built), the varieties of romantic eclecticism emerging in Scandinavia and the mannerisms deployed at several influential Paris exhibitions, as well as such relics of orthodox historicism as lingered on among the older academy architects. The latter were dying off, and it is perhaps a just reflection of the attitudes of the 1930s that Dean gives so much attention to the work of Oliver Hill, a minor practitioner but an architect, a man of taste rather than conviction who liked to try his hand at every style in turn.

Dean draws his rich and evocative array of illustrations from the RIBA Drawings Collection, supplementing them with photographs only when necessary. The drawings, mostly prepared for exhibition or to captivate clients, are themselves strongly evocative of the period, showing as they do the architects' vision of a projected building rather than its eventual reality. The tastes of the 1930s are thus depicted here as part of the stylized world that the perspectives of the time created, most characteristically Cyril Fary, whose Hammer Smith town hall is shown against a cloudless blue sky of equatorial intensity, with its modelling revealed by shadows that could only be cast by powerful sunshine and yet with its features reflected in a roadway swimming with water – symptomatic, it may be thought, of the unreality of the world in which many architects lived.

David Dean's survey nevertheless fails to be truly symptomatic of the 1930s architectural scene in one rather important way. His purpose has been to show individual buildings rather than their relationship with each other, and yet the real contribution of the 1930s, and the most significant basis of the Modern Movement, was in planning. It is easy to forget, how recently England acquired any degree of control over land use, over the siting of buildings and over territorial planning in town and country. The need for such control, and the first attempts to realize it, took place in the 1920s and 1930s even though its full realization had to wait until the 1947 Town and Country Planning Act; the popular dislike of the influence of the Modern Movement on the appearance of buildings had obscured the fact that the Movement's foundation lay and much of the energies of its promoters was devoted to, such matters as urban renewal, low-cost housing and the better layout of sites – all matters ignored at that time by the architectural profession. A lasting achievement of the 1930s, and of the Modern Movement especially, was to prepare the ground for the new sense of responsibility for planning that was to mark the post-war years.



A drawing by Luis Bonet Galt of Gaudí's *Templo Expiatorio del la Sagrada Família* in the San Martín Provençal section of Barcelona, reproduced from *The Designs and Drawings of Antonio Gaudí* by George R. Collins and Juan Bassegoda Nonell (70 black-and-white plates. Princeton University Press, £22.40, 0 691 03965 2).

Underneath the arches

J. Mordaunt-Crook

JOHANN FRIEDRICH GEIST

Arcades: The History of a Building Type
596pp. MIT Press, £40.
0 262 07082 0

How shall we cut the architectural cake? Chronologically, stylistically, biographically, topographically or typologically? The first four approaches share one advantage: they all have a built-in cohesion. Not so the fifth: unless the type is tightly drawn and its analysis closely controlled, typological studies can easily slide into the methodology of the map. J.F. Geist seems to have been underdressed: he plumps for typology and pays the penalty of incoherence.

Even so, there are riches here. *Arcades* sets out to investigate the architectural form of the arcade in all its aspects, from its suitability as a hall of the social revolution. The result is a veritable *arsenalium* *galliarum* of shopping bazaars and covered ways, from Ashton-under-Lyne to Atlanta, Georgia; from Moscow and Málaga to Catania, Odessa, Harrogate and Lima. The core of the book is a

tabulated gazetteer of more than 300 urban arcades, mostly built between the French Revolution and the First World War, illustrated by nearly 500 photographs and plans, documented by some 800 footnotes, and fleshed out with descriptive material. Inevitably, the descriptions are rather haphazard, idiosyncratic even. Some of the architectural information is now a little out of date – on London's Lowther Arcade and Exeter Arcade for instance. But the range of material is impressive, the comparative plans are certainly useful, and the great sections, in Paris, London and Milan, are all amply treated.

Some of the illustrations will be revelations even to the cognoscenti. The soaring dome of the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele II, Milan, for example, in an extraordinary fish-eye photo; the almost tangible sense of suffocation in Moscow's endless New Trade Halls (GUM); the leaping cast-iron staircase of the Passage Pomerey in Nantes; or the sheer elegance, now sadly vanished, of Dobson's Royal Arcade, Newcastle. Unbuilt fantasies are here too: Moseley's double-decker, six-storey Crystal Way; Paxton's Great Victoria Way – "the utopia of the arcade" – with its sixteen kilometres of glazed ring-roads. And there is endless gossip about shoppers and shop-owners, prostitutes and plump – the ladies of the Burlington

Arcade and of the Galeries des Bois in the Palais Royal seem to have been especially talented. The data is appetite for incidental detail – and his idea? (English's in the Royal Opera Arcade.) Where was Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld* given its premiere? (The Passage Choiseul, Paris.) Where did Dr. Watson – on Sherlock Holmes's advice – outwit the dreaded Moriarty? (The Lowther Arcade off the Strand.) Where can one still see Marat, portrayed in wax, in the very bath-tub in which he was assassinated? (The Passage Jouffroy, Paris.)

After – or rather before – so much entertainment, visual and anecdotal, the portentous introductory section strikes rather a jarring note. The book, originally appeared in 1963, in German. So we are introduced to part of a high-flown contextual explanation, to five "great social reforms", Fourier, Saint-Simon, Owen, Marx and Engels. "The arcade", the author suggests, "was the exotic flower of a civilization whose public life reached its peak in the 19th century... In its fate are revealed both the external virtuosity and the inner abyss of the century's unresolved social conditions." Such things – and perhaps better left untranslated.

And so to beds

Allen Paterson

PENELOPE HOBHOUSE (Editor)

Gertrude Jekyll on Gardening
336pp. National Trust/Collins.
£12.95.
0 00 216803 0

Like Lancelot Brown, Gertrude Jekyll has passed into the mythology of garden history with "Miss" as a title equating with the former's "Capability"; their finer points of design are, perhaps, equally little understood. These two artists, both evocative of their periods, and developing so distinct a style that in many ways today we see all English landscapes and gardens through their eyes, had very different practices. Yet the economics of garden-making have changed so much that Brown's mid-eighteenth century and Jekyll's turn of the twentieth century can seem quite close to each other. Indeed Jekyll's intense plantsmanship is the more difficult to maintain or reproduce.

The basic story is well known: Gertrude Jekyll (1843-1932), painter, designer, embroidress and gardener, concentrated more and more upon the latter activity until it became her life's work. Although it was not her first design it was with the creation of her own garden, Munstead Wood, that the Jekyll style really developed. The fourteen acres of Surrey heathland were bought in the early 1880s but ten years were to pass before the house rose on the carefully chosen site. It was not the first partnership between the owner and the young architect, but Munstead Wood became the archetype of the faded combination of "a Lutyns house with a Jekyll garden", evocatively described by Jane Brown in *Gardens of a Golden Afternoon* (1982).

While frequently working within Lutyns's formal schemes, the essence of Miss Jekyll's genius lay in her choice of plants, and their arrangement in garden pictures as subtle as anything laid upon canvas. Yet their dependence upon a lavish use of cheap and 'knowledgeable' labour (at Munstead Wood there were said to have been seventeen men and boys employed at one stage) has made them sadly ephemeral. However, if Jekyll survives in its entirety enough to remain from her eight hundred or so compositions, and from her almost equally profuse writings, to enable us to profit from that genius today.

It is Penelope Hobhouse's "passionate concern to communicate Gertrude Jekyll's ideas to modern gardeners", claim the publishers, that is the inspiration for the book under review. It is a distillation of Jekyll's own fifteen books and from multifarious journal articles providing "a practical guide to Miss Jekyll's ideas on colour and plant arrangement in the modern garden, where not only scale but labour are severely restricted".

From her own wide reading and research, therefore, Hobhouse has compiled a sort of Jekyll concordance, taking a seasonal, month-by-month sequence. Her system is to quote from the original texts, updating the botanical nomenclature or inserting it if lacking, and adding a commentary "thus in April".

Forsythia suspensa, with its graceful habit and tender yellow flower, is a much better shrub than *F. viridissima*, though strangely enough that is the one most commonly planted (its great merit is in flowering a few weeks later than the finer *F. suspensa*). Kerria (*K. japonica* 'Flora Pleno'), with its bright yellow balls, the fine old roses (*R. sanguinea*), the Japanese quinces (*Chaenomeles speciosa* quercus), these make frequent points of beauty and interest.

The difficulty of this approach is that while ostensibly illuminating, the original writing it breaks up the flow, uncomfortably, and some of the parentheses are so long that it is not always clear who is speaking.

Hobhouse relates closely to Miss Jekyll. She too is a fine plantswoman and, even today, has been able to garden on a similar generous scale at Hadspen in Somerset where, like her

mentor, she developed a nursery to make available the particularly good forms of plants she selects and uses. Now at Tintinhull, as a tenant of the National Trust, she is bringing new life to Mrs Reiss's lovely garden.

In spite, therefore, of this book's aim to adapt Jekyllian teaching to the contemporary scene it is still done on a considerable scale; this does not mean that it cannot apply to smaller sites but it will mainly appeal to the owner of a large acreage. It might have helped here if Millmead, the half-acre garden which Miss Jekyll designed and planted in 1905 in Bramley, Surrey, had been discussed in detail; or if the town garden behind 100 Cheyne Walk (1910) had been used. To have shown John Brookes's recreation of this, built as a Chelsea Show garden about ten years ago, would have been more relevant than Graham Stuart Thomas's great borders at Cliveden, magnificent though they are.

In a book so rightly concerned with the use of colour it is disappointing that the only colour illustrations are of four turn-of-the-century paintings: fortunately the black-and-white pic-

tures are good. The index is erratic and the proof-reading not impeccable; there are a few botanical lapses; *Wood and Garden* is said to have been published in 1897 on the cover and (correctly) in 1899 in the text. Less forgivably, in the bibliography Betty Massingham, Miss Jekyll's first modern biographer, loses her final syllable, as does her book its subtitle.

But Penelope Hobhouse has rightly brought Gertrude Jekyll's own writings again to the attention of all discerning gardeners; here is Jekyll quoted from *Colour Schemes for the Flower Garden* (1908):

I am strongly of the opinion that the possession of a quantity of plants, however good the plants may be in themselves and however ample their numbers, does not make a garden, it only makes a collection. . . . It seems to me that the duty we owe to our gardens, is to (develop) a state of mind and artistic conscience that will not tolerate bad or careless combinations or any misuse of plants. . . . It becomes a point of honour to be always striving for the best.

The shape of Cumbria

Norman Nicholson

MELVYN BRAGG

Land of the Lakes
248pp. with colour and black-and-white illustrations.
Secker and Warburg. £9.95.
0 436 06715 3

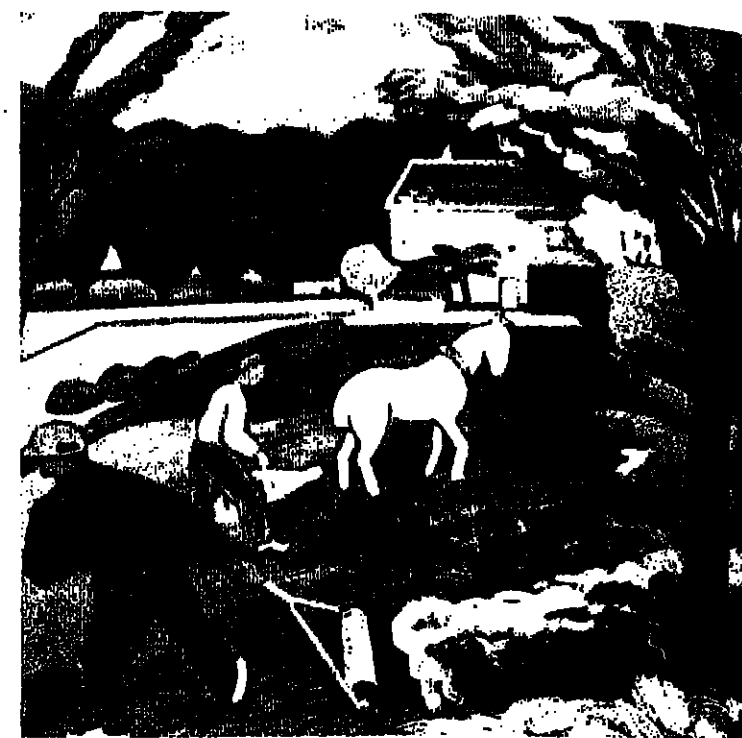
Most of the best books about the Lakes have been written by amateurs, men without specialized training in any of the relevant geographical or historical disciplines. Wordsworth is the great example. He lifted the art of topography to a new level, while, in our own day, a number of trained professionals have given the untrained reader a new insight into the forces which have shaped the Lake District and the way in which the District itself has shaped the lives of its inhabitants.

Melvyn Bragg's new book is a return to the amateur tradition, though he has been able to avail himself of the professional studies and researches of the last twenty years. It is an opportunity he has taken on to the full. He has read widely and gone to the trouble of consulting the specialists on their own pre-history, or the old Lakeland crafts and industries. The guiding hand of Dr William Rollinson, probably the best living historian of the Lake District, may be sensed behind the book, and, indeed, it is generously acknowledged. Among the few errors is that by which the author makes the Roman road from Ambleside run to Wrynose when he obviously means Ravenglass. There are also some of those small local changes which can catch an author out between the time of writing and publication. Milion no longer has its piteous; Broughton-in-Furness, on the other hand, has regained its market.

With all his respect for the authorities he has consulted, Bragg remains confidently personal in his approach. One feels that he wrote the book because he wanted to find out more about the land of his ancestry rather than that he found out more about it because he wanted to write a book. Whether he is dealing with the rocks, or early man, the coming of the Vikings, or the Monks, the everyday life of farm and quarry, the wrestling of the hound-trails, the dialect, he is never afraid to express an opinion. He dislikes the new car-park at Hawkshead, as I do; he dislikes the new forests, as I, with reservations, do not. He has an immense admiration for the self-knives, some of whom he has known, on and off, for years: "They are the longest lasting, the deepest planted and the most cohesive force in Lakeland. If they should go, it would be a disaster. Only the section of the legends lacks; this personal touch, reading too much like a series of summaries of the sources - Bede, Hutchinson, Wordsworth, De Quincey and others.

The final chapters tell how the Lakes were drawn, at last, into the cultural history of England. Here Wordsworth, of course, is the dominant figure, and Bragg treats him understandingly; though it is difficult to agree that Wordsworth's decision to come to Gasmere was as casual and "haphazard" as the author makes it out to have been. The six weeks spent with Dorothy, at Windy Farm beside Bassenthwaite Lake, five whole years are likely to have been the time when the poet's mind and intentions began to turn again to Cumberland.

Land of the Lakes deals agreeably with the early travellers - who "discovered" the Lakes - Gray, Gilpin and so on - and also with the many painters and engravers who captured visually the changing tastes and reactions of the tourists. There is much that will be new even to well-informed readers. Bragg claims that, out of all



Jean Brusselmans' "Le Travail du Paysan" was sold at Christie's in his sale of Impressionist and Modern Paintings and Sculpture (Part II) on June 28.

the artists, there were three - Turner, Constable and Wright of Derby - who were "outstanding in their depiction of the Lakes". To these should be added the name of Francis Towne - not mentioned here, though one of his works is included among the illustrations - who seems to me to have been the first artist really to define the geometrical forms of the fells. The illustrations to this chapter are themselves "outstanding" as, indeed, they are throughout the book - often beautiful, always interesting and strictly related to the text.

Land of the Lakes is far from being just a guide book, though it is designed primarily for the visitor and should add vastly to the enjoyment of many holidays in the future. It is not, perhaps, the most ambitious kind of book that Melvyn Bragg might have chosen to write, but, having chosen, he could scarcely have done it better.

Life offshore

James Hunter

SHEILA GEAR

Foula: Island West of the Sun
Photographs by Jim Gear
222pp. Hale. £8.25.
0 7091 9673 3

Most books about islands are written by visitors to them. Scrambling ashore and glimpsing, usually in fine summer weather, a community bereft of traffic congestion, tower blocks, pollution, pornography and all the other ills which urban man is heir, the passing stranger concludes he has happened upon paradise and rushes into print with assorted droolings and dribblings about the supposed superiority of life lived close to nature's bosom.

Foula, three and a half miles long by two and a half miles wide, gets visitors of that sort, not many, of course, because it is separated from Shetland by fourteen miles of very stormy sea and because Shetland, in its turn, is a day's voyage from the Scottish mainland.

Sheila Gear has lived on Foula for sixteen years, her husband's family has long belonged there and the main merit of her book is that the island is described from the islander's point of view. When you have tramped across a boggy hillside in wind and wet to retrieve the flapping corpses of the lambs killed by an April blizzard, you are not prone to sentimentalize the island landscape. Gales, rain and snow loom large in this book in which the death of an animal is a financial as well as an emotional blow and in which the author necessarily lingers on the uncertainties inherent in the business of making ends meet in a place where markets are distant, costs high

economic opportunities few and public services virtually non-existent.

Foula, its population a small fraction of what it once was, provides an extreme example of the social decay affecting almost all of Britain's more remote localities. And with the summer tourists there inevitably come to the island the men from the ministries, boards, commissions and agencies whose job it is to resuscitate such communities. They talked, observes Sheila Gear of one such visitation, "We murmured the native grunts that were expected of us." Not much changed following that exchange. Perhaps that was the intention.

Officialdom is never so outspoken as to say so direct, no doubt it would cause a bad public image, but we are often given to wonder if there is a policy to rid such islands of their inhabitants, not by force or persuasion, but simply by long-term neglect, delay and obstructionism.

It was in the hope of finding answers to Foula's problems that Sheila Gear began writing this book. She discovered, the records, no obvious solutions, no arguments that will convince those not already in favour of the survival of human habitation on such a tiny fragment of earth. But she has at least captured the essence of her island and conveyed to the outsider some inkling of why so many islanders refuse to make life simpler for our obsessively centralist authorities by leaving themselves away.

The Naturalist's Guide to the British Coastline, by Ron Freethy (208pp. David and Charles. £9.95: 0 7153 8342 0), is a guide to the flora and fauna of Britain's coastal regions. Freethy discusses the influence which the environment has had on the wildlife it contains.

In season

Ruth Isabel Ross

DAVID LANG

The Wild Flower Finder's Calendar:
A guide to wild flowers in Britain
through the year.

188pp. with colour and black-and-white illustrations. Ebury. £8.95.
0 85223 250 0

David Lang has not only sensibly limited himself to 220 species in his calendar but, in arranging them by month, has saved his readers from searching for harebells in April and cowslips in July. There are other tried ways for making flower-finding easy. One is to take plants by habitat, moorland, seaside, woodland or bog; another is to group them by region; a calendar, though, has a sense of urgency that these familiar and more scientific approaches lack. We are invited to find all Mr Lang's plants before the month ends, and on then start July with a happy sense of achievement.

Lang provides a preliminary briefing for each month. In April, for example, herb robert and dog violets are by the hedges, bluebells in the woods, spring squills on the Cornish cliffs, spring gentians starting to flower on Burren limestone. Then twenty-eight plants, some well known, a few uncommon, are described and illustrated; each is allotted some 200 words and a clear watercolour painting. The text is readable and gives plenty of information about distribution and habitat; at the end of the book there is an alphabetical chart of the plants, providing condensed information at a glance.

The first forty pages are an alluring introduction. Some of this is severely practical - a simplified diagram of plant orders and families, a glossary, maps of sharp dissections. There are helpful maps of soil distribution in the British Isles and some attractive drawings, especially evocative are "Southern stream side", "limestone pavement" and "Hebridean 'murchie'". Each is enlivened by a charming drawing of a focal point. It is a little surprising, though, to find identical drawings on pages 11 and 26, and also on pages 14 and 33.

One or two details are unexpected. Lang's text groups St Dabene's Heath with the October to December flowers. It is still in bloom then but is usually looked for in August, when it is already going strong. And is wood anemone rare in Ireland, as the chart informs us? The 1972 *Cornish Catalogue of Flora of Ireland* gives it as occurring in several counties. It is certainly plentiful in County Wicklow. This good-looking calendar has one disadvantage. It is unwieldy, measures seven inches by ten and is nearly an inch thick, diminishing its usefulness as a field guide.

The irrationalist conspiracy

David Papineau

DAVID STOVE

Popper and After
116pp. Pergamon. £8.95 (paperback £4.95).
0 08 026792 0

David Stove thinks that the four most influential philosophers of science since the war hold views so silly that they dare not reveal them to their readers. His primary aim in this book is to explain how the deception is maintained. The philosophers he has in mind are Karl Popper, Paul Feyerabend, T. S. Kuhn and the late Imre Lakatos. And the common absurdity he attributes to them is their extreme scepticism about science. They deny, he says, that there are ever good grounds for any scientific theories, or indeed that science ever leads us to any knowledge about the natural world.

Professor Stove argues that these philosophers manage to get away with this irrationalist foolishness only because they maintain the appearance of scientific rationalism while denying its substance. They achieve this by adopting a kind of newspeak. They keep the old rationalist words, but give them new irrationalist meanings. Thus, for instance, they will use terminology which implies cognitive achievement, such as "knowledge" or "discovery", while surreptitiously removing the normal implication that the propositions "known" are true, or that the things "discovered" are facts. Sometimes, it is true, they have the

good grace to signal this by putting the relevant words in quotation marks. But as often they omit these. And in either case, according to Stove, the effect of this usage (and of various related devices that he identifies) is to create in the unwary reader the impression that these philosophers respect the achievements of science, when in fact they do not.

A natural reaction to Stove's obviously heartfelt polemic is that he must somehow have missed the point. It is true enough that the writers he discusses reject traditional conceptions of scientific success. And perhaps, having done so, it would be better if they avoided terms like "knowledge" and "discovery", which might obscure the radical nature of their conclusion from unsophisticated readers. But surely, one feels, this is a trivial complaint. There must be more to these writers than that. Isn't the important thing their new conception of the aims of science? Or if not that, at least the negative reasons they have put forward for distrusting traditional notions of scientific worth? When one turns to these questions, one does indeed find things to say in favour of most of the authors that Stove attacks. But there is one exception, one case where the emperor really doesn't have any new clothes. Stove has got Sir Karl Popper exactly right.

As every schoolboy knows, Popper's view of science hinges on his rejection of induction. Repeated instances are no heuristic good for suggesting theories, and no logical good for supporting them either. Fortunately scientists can manage without inductive support. All they need is

imagination (to think up bold conjectures with), honesty (to make them look for falsifications), and clear logical heads (so that they know what to do when they find them).

The trouble with this is that in his concern to keep scientists on the logical straight and narrow, Popper quite forgets to explain why they, or anybody else, should believe their theories. The boldness of a conjecture is certainly no reason to expect it to be true. And why should successfully surviving attempts at falsification help if, as Popper insists, repeated instances don't support theories? Popper does, it is true, specify principles which are supposed to guide scientists in their "acceptance" of theories. But this is scarcely of much interest, given that "acceptance" has nothing to do with reliable belief or sound action. At bottom Popper's science has the same status as Herman Hesse's glass-bead game: it's no doubt terribly profound, but even if you keep on reading right till the end you never quite get told what it's all for.

Surprisingly few of Popper's many enthusiasts recognize his underlying epistemological nihilism. And for this Stove surely has the right explanation. There are occasions where Popper does come clean and admit that he thinks scientists have no positive reasons for believing any theories. But they are few and far between. Far more familiar are his repeated reassurances that of course scientists have "reasons" for "accepting" their theories. And it is only if we read the very fine print that we realize that these are "reasons" and "acceptance" only in Popper's private sense.

The logical delusion

Peter Geach

ANTHONY MANSEY

Bradley's Logic
220pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £17.50.
0 631 13139 6

The work of F. H. Bradley with which Anthony Mansey is almost entirely concerned is the first edition of *The Principles of Logic*; the text of this appeared almost unchanged in the more accessible second edition, and Professor Mansey considerably supplies a table for collating page-numbers. (My references will be to the second edition; pages are numbered consecutively through its two volumes.) Mansey gives a clear and sympathetic account of Bradley's work; how much his own labours have been worth while must be judged according to our estimate of Bradley.

The enterprise that Aristotle started was first called logic by the Stoics and has since retained the name. The aim of the enterprise is to detect and describe recurrent patterns of valid inference (for which we still use the Aristotelian word "schemata") and to devise means of expressing these in abstraction from the concrete subject-matter of arguments. Logic, in this sense, has been taught, with varying fortunes, for more than 2,000 years. There are those who doubt or deny the value of the enterprise; if they argue that and reasonably, the courts of philosophy should not deny them a hearing. But such people are not Stoics but antiquarians; if they put "Logic" on the spine of their books, that is a false trade description.

For all that he claimed to be engaged in "the science of logic", Bradley was an antiquarian; he repeatedly denied the very possibility of setting forth fixed patterns of valid reasoning. He was moreover a remarkably vituperative opponent; on pp 247-249, for instance, he writes of "the following 'effete superstition', 'dying effort of a hard-nosed and well-hung spent chimera', 'masses of orthodox rubbish', 'an effete dogma which calls out for burial', 'Fowler logic, and casuistry are for the dead', 'twin delusions: we shall conquer if we are wise, to a common grave' (p 269); and this is followed by a tirade of the prurient Popish priest's moral theology; and confessional

practice, "odious beyond parallel and in parts most filthy". (I am sure this went down well in 1883, when people avidly read Maria Monk.)

"No case," abuse plaintiffs' attorneys," is not surprise that in discussing actual bits of reasoning Bradley made many mistakes. On pp 264-266 he tries to cite concrete arguments we can immediately see to be valid, without benefit of rule; quite a number are in fact fallacious. Untutored logical insight is myopic, as teachers of logic continually find. In the course of a patronizing and heavily qualified commendation of Stanley Jevons's logical work, Bradley professes himself unable to understand Jevons's "somewhat subtle argument" (p 157); indeed he is unable, for among other blunders he gives the negation of the term "(A and B) or (A and not-B)" the term "not-A and B and not-B".

Bradley had odd views, which Mansey partly shares, about "and" and "or". Pace both of them, use of these connectives does not involve some overlap of content between the clauses they are joined together. Glancing through *Language, Truth, and Logic*, a reader might judge straight off: Either 91 x 79 = 7189, or there is a misprint on p 117, or A. J. Ayer sometimes makes mistakes at arithmetic. The clauses do not overlap in content; and moreover (contrary to another view of Bradley's) the disjunction need not be exclusive; for a misprinted formula may still be arithmetically correct, and obviously the correctness of the formula does not rule out Ayer's sometimes making mistakes at arithmetic. Bradley and his friend Bosanquet zealously contended for the solely exclusive reading of "or"; some writers of today argue with equal zeal that no such reading is even permissible. (An outsider who inherits a language distinguishing exclusive and nonexclusive disjunction may well find these successive Anglo-Saxon attitudes highly comic.) Idealistic "logic" held that disjunctions have a pre-eminent place in the system of "judgments"; I do not understand this. Anyhow, Bradley and Bosanquet did not even know what a disjunction is. "Triangles are either isosceles or scalene" is not a disjunction, as they would say, but a categorical with one disjunctive term (to use the old jargon) the difference is not trivial, and yet on p 161 Mansey seems to slip over it.

Indeed Mansey's own logical ideas appear very defective, just as Bradley's

are. He censures for its "truth-functionality" the doctrine that what follows from true premises by valid implications is true! As readers may see (p 161) Mansey has here been mulling over what he remembers people saying to him about material implication in his student days. It just goes to show how right Quine has been to reject the term "material implication" in truth-functional logic; its use has done nothing but create confusion ever since Russell made it familiar.

Mansey follows Bradley in thinking logic is all about "judgments". At the beginning of *Prior Analytics*, Aristotle lays it down that it does not make any difference to the rules of syllogism how we get the premises, nor whether or not we assert them as known truths. Similarly in modern logic: even if the original premises are meant to be asserted, the derivation by natural deduction methods may proceed via subordinate inferences whose premises are not being asserted. The continual talk of "judgment" darkens counsel: it obscures both the Aristotelian point and the related Fregean point that the same thought may be expressed in a free-standing assertoric sentence or in an unasserted clause within a sentence.

Mansey holds that Bradley's logical work has been undervalued in the "official story". I can at least agree that a re-reading of Bradley's *Principles of Logic* is historically valuable: for we find there some bad ways of thinking that are still followed. Neglect of the Aristotelian and Fregean points about assertion, even scornful polemic against those who maintain them, may often be found in recent books and articles; Bradley's talk of "judgment" is echoed in a recent textbook's explanation of logic as "the study of consistent sets of beliefs". Quite in Bradley's style, we find people rejecting the idea of a conjunction's being true just in case each conjunct is true, and otherwise false; and people still follow Bradley in trying to reduce "bare" negation to contrariety of characteristics. (Bradley himself, p 118, went to the length of saying that a blind man's mind must have some "positive character" that is incompatible with sight.) Happily, recent antiquarians do not usually imitate Bradley's vituperations; they prefer to damn formal logic with faint praise, and use that philosophers should leave it to mathematicians, physicists, and computer scientists.

A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

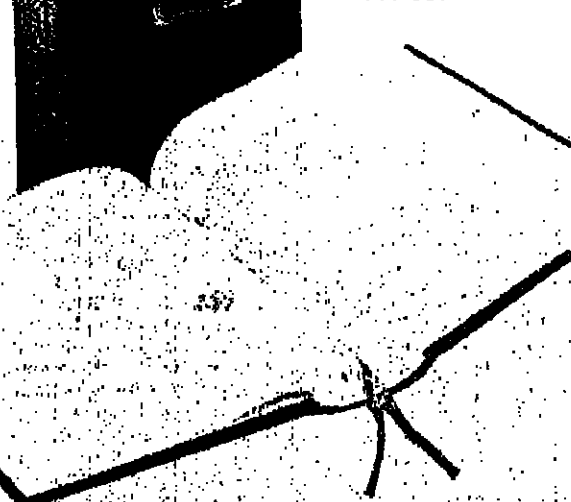
DR SAMUEL JOHNSON

The original 1755 first edition, now virtually unobtainable, is made available by Times Books in a magnificent new single volume facsimile. Although reduced in format, every word of the original is reproduced: over 40,000 of Johnson's precise, occasionally acerbic and mischievous definitions, more than 14,000 illustrative quotations, his "History of the English Language" and "Grammar of the English Tongue".

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Ruling, regulating and ravaging

G. R. Elton

E. W. Ives

The Common Lawyers of Pre-Reformation England: Thomas Kebell, A Case Study
536pp. Cambridge University Press
£40.
0 521 24011 5

Occasionally there appears a book of history which under the outward appearance of innocent learning conceals a time-bomb. On the face of it, E. W. Ives has written a very full and very long account of the lives and practices of lawyers in England in the later fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. Distilling a quarter-century's work on the sources and asking all the possible questions, he has answered more than one might have thought answerable. To cite its parts, the book covers the legal profession, practice in the courts, lawyers and the law, and the interaction of the profession with society; and in all respects very fully. No summary can do justice to the wealth of information conveyed in *The Common Lawyers of Pre-Reformation England*, but a few points of special significance may be listed.

The lawyers of the age formed a fully developed profession, interlocking with each other and dominated by the small group of serjeants-at-law and the judges chosen from among them. Though much conventional abuse condemned them as greedy caterpillars on the common weal, their services were indispensable and their rewards, though notable, far from excessive. Some complaints to the contrary notwithstanding, they did not promote litigation for corrupt reasons but laboured to satisfy the litigious demands of the generality (of both sexes). Their training was both careful and efficient, but the law they served lacked rigour and could be freely new-made in the intimate discussions held at moots, in consultations, and even during trials, as those well-acquainted men at the top argued about the many knotty issues which, despite the apparent formality of the law, remained unsettled. Though the law aimed to protect all legitimate interests it served in the first place its original fount, the King: the crown, and by the 1530s something to be called the state, obtained from it not only advantage but also a dynamic capacity to assert authority, though in turn state action was expected to observe the limitations set by legality.

Though a profession, lawyers by no means formed a caste. Almost always they came from the landed classes and invested their money in land: their descendants very often abandoned the law and disappeared into the gentry. Dr Ives seems to agree with Erasmus that in England noble families sprang from the practice of the law, but I cannot think of many families for which this is true: middling and upper gentry so sprang more commonly. Down to about 1540, the profession (with some assistance from the Church) supplied the men who ran not only the law, accountancy and estate management but also the government of the realm; both these professions changed course towards professional specialization in the early Reformation. Ives argues that Thomas More and Thomas Cromwell belonged to the last generation of great lawyer-administrators who were to be succeeded by men trained at court and in the universities. A humanist education, diplomatic experience, and service in the departments and in parliament began to replace the life of the law as proving-grounds for the rulers of the state, with the lawyers retreating to the specific practice of their calling. There is a good deal in this case though it seems to me a trifle overstated; especially because they nearly always supplied the post-Reformation lord chancellor, lawyers (and especially the judges and law officers) continued to play a major role in politics and government. What did decline was the role of the great serjeants. However, despite these reservations, it is clear that Ives has put his finger on a truly striking transformation in the structure of the state's service.

Two things have made his detailed, often intimate, analysis possible – a man and a source. As the book's subtitle indicates, the law and lawyers of the age are tracked in part through the doings and fortunes of one of them, Thomas Kebell, serjeant-at-law. It is exceptionally well documented in his personal and professional affairs. Though the reader may want to skip some of the massive detail concerning his properties or the pernickety pursuit of his (rapidly declining) descendants as they all trod the paths of "social mobility," he must take pleasure from the manner in which Kebell brings a three-dimensional reality to the book. And Kebell does so because he turns up, again and again, in the Year Books. No one since Maitland has so effectively employed the evidence

of this unique, and uniquely problematical source; the treatment of Year Book evidence is one of the triumphs of Ives's book, a triumph derived from the author's ranging knowledge of law and lawyers but also from his wisdom in making the Year Books do no more than they can. For they tell us virtually nothing about society and politics and should not be much employed there; surprisingly, they do not tell us all that much of the law since mostly they record arguments about it; what they really reveal is the lawyers and the attitudes they brought to the art they practised.

So, a solid and notably important achievement; but where is the time-bomb? Its existence is in fact very fairly announced in the first section of the book, in the course of a run-down on the law and its courts which shows that law and those courts to be at the time the real essence and the activating mechanism of all social relationships. As Ives says, "the place of the lawyers in English life was a symptom, not a cause: a symptom that legal procedures and legal ideas were integral to society." But really grasping that point will compel some thorough reworking of much that has passed for the social history of those centuries, put together by scholars to whom reliance on the modern criteria of society (sociological and economic) is as obviously commonplace as an acquaintance with the law is alien. Assuredly those who regard concentration on kings and governments as insufficient are absolutely right: we need to know about the shires, about the local rulers, about the networks of patronage if we wish to understand that society and its preoccupations. At present, however, most enquiries employ methods and attitudes that must be called anachronistic – the methods of the social scientists and the attitudes of an age in which the law is a servant, and one rarely used at that. In the half century before the Reformation (indeed, through centuries before and after that) the fact is that all the social structures we can discern lived on and by the law.

In that society common ideas, ordinary ambitions and the making of policies all revolved around the specificities of the law, whose machinery formed the instruments of social action and therefore dictated the form that action had to take. Without a sound understanding of the law, the courts and its agents, the behaviour of individuals and groupings will be regularly misinterpreted, and this

particularly applies to the much-studied questions of patronage, power and faction. Though legal history is in a welcome phase of revival and (as this book shows) turning increasingly to the more general problems of society and affairs, it has to be said that many of the historians who have endeavoured to burrow below the surface of events know little or nothing of it. Let us hope that, guided by such as Ives, more and more scholars will abandon their textbooks of sociology and social psychology, will forget about generalised and impressionistic notions concerning people's behaviour, and will try to learn about the system under which those generations actually lived. Giles Jacob's *Law Dictionary* should become their bible. They will need it, for, as Ives also shows, legal historians do not make any concessions and expect their brethren to know obscure things by the dozen which have not troubled the general mind for centuries. And quite right too. The relations between clients and patrons turned upon such things as fraudulent recoveries, rights of remainder, reversionary interests, writs of covenant, grants in frankalmoin, and all the rest of that mysterious armoury of the law. The social history of the time is legal history or it is nothing.

One further major conclusion emerges from this book. The ways of Yorkist and early-Tudor lawyers must seem strange to anyone reasonably familiar with the repute and practice of the law later in the sixteenth century. Judges and serjeants who treat the law as variable and malleable and ever open to dispute, lawyers who combine a theoretical respect for statute with great freedom in interpreting it and even greater freedom in misquoting it, a supposed reliance on precedents which practises constant and extreme imprecision in the citing of cases; a strange law indeed. Ives refers to "a perceptible fluidity" in it. This is to put it mildly. Manifestly, what the law was taken to be depended to a disquieting degree on the craft of a pleader, on counsel's or the judge's often uncertain memory of a statute or a Year Book case, on a destabilizing willingness to debate rather than to resolve.

By the middle of the sixteenth century a great transformation had taken place as lines got established, precision became something to be stroked for, the law became knowable and known to the point where equity was praised because it could modify the law's rigours. (In that pre-Reformation

era, the lines between law and equity seem vague, but not in a beneficial sense because the vagueness led to the dominance of accident rather than the provision of remedies.) The new state of affairs could in the end substitute rigour for precision and reduce the amount of justice the law could offer, but in the first place it provided the sort of stability for society which the law always claimed was its chief end.

While Ives, only briefly looking beyond his terminal date, gives some hints about what happened, one may, perhaps rashly, isolate three major aspects of this change. One was the renovation of the law to meet new circumstances, carried out by the courts themselves as they exploited the old flexibility; this has lately been most admirably brought to knowledge by J. H. Baker. The second was the new authority vested in parliamentary statute which followed in the wake of the work done by the Reformation Parliament. Statute came to codify developments in the uncertain areas of the law, and new rules of judicial interpretation subjected the profession to its dominance. Of course, acts of parliament left much room for argument, but even so the gain in precision was immense. However, perhaps the most influential thing of all to hit law and lawyers was technological – the impact of printing. Kebell and his colleagues cited as they pleased, gaining praise from Ives when their quotations somewhat resembled the original; their successors had printed Year Books and sessional printings of statutes to guide them and also to hang over them. Thomas Kebell's estate included twenty-nine books (a good number for that day), only four of them books of the law and not one of them a collection of statutes. By 1600, no lawyer of his eminence would have thought himself well equipped with so few.

Thus the history of the law and its minions must be added to the mounting evidence which says that from the 1530s onwards a new England emerged from the shell of the old, innovation being drastic though modified by continuity. And despite the transformation one for some centuries yet the country and the nation were ruled, regulated and ravaged by the law. Because this basic fact of life has gradually vanished within the past hundred years, modern historians need the sort of lesson taught by Dr Ives if they are to get that vanished society into correct focus.

I have really been fooled by the seeming slowness of the conveyor belt. No one can understand how it works without experiencing it. Almost as soon as I begin, I am dipping with sweat. Somehow, I learn the order of the work motions, but I am totally unable to keep up with the speed of the line.

My work-gloves make it difficult to grab many tiny bolts as I need, and how many precious seconds do I waste doing just that? ... Some skill is needed, and a new hand like me can't do it alone. I'm thirsty as hell, but workers can neither smoke nor drink water. Going to the toilet is out of the question. Who could have invented a system like this?

This diary of a young Japanese journalist, who worked for six months in 1972-3 at Toyota's main plant in Japan assembling gear-boxes, was first published in Japanese ten years ago. The current debates over the need to protect American and European industries from Japanese competition and to "learn from Japan" have now led to its translation and publication in English: an extra chapter has been added, as well as an excellent introduction by Ronald Dore. The book is very skilfully written and devastating to read – a great contrast to the many books and articles we have had which eulogise the "Japanese Model" and "System Z".

The accuracy of *Japan in the Passing Lane* is not easy to judge. Dore points out that Satoh, Kamata clearly opposes Japanese capitalism politically, but in spite of his feelings he becomes a model worker. Most of the description he gives applies to seasonal workers; in the factory, rather than regular ones, and the book is thus an



One of the sets of "Sketches of Scenes from Daily Life" by Watanabe Kazan (1793-1841) reproduced in *Reflections of Reality in Japanese Art* by Sherman E. Lee with a catalogue by Michael R. Cunningham and James T. Ullah (292pp. Cleveland Museum of Art with Indiana University Press. £42. 0 910386 70 6).

Anxieties of the assembly-line

Keith Thurley

SATOSHI KAMATA

Japan in the Passing Lane: An insider's account of life in a Japanese auto factory

Translated and edited by Tatsuri Akimoto
211pp. New York: Pantheon Books.
\$14.95.
0 394 52718 6

I have really been fooled by the seeming slowness of the conveyor belt. No one can understand how it works without experiencing it. Almost as soon as I begin, I am dipping with sweat. Somehow, I learn the order of the work motions, but I am totally unable to keep up with the speed of the line.

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account of the impact of the assembly-line system on the inexperienced or probationers. Kamata does not disguise the fact that although the workforce may resent the system, it did not protest openly. Grumbles turn into "soldiering-on" jokes, and, as Dore comments, an amazingly friendly relationship exists between workers and a good deal of kindness and support between workers and supervisors. Kamata's attack on Toyota, and on the assembly-line system, centres on the pressure for higher production and on the effect of working on an assembly-line with a work-cycle of eighty seconds. His prose is direct and moving and the diary format (often used in Japanese literature) gives the book pace and immediacy. When he writes:

I'm tired. I don't believe anybody could be more tired. In this "labour-intensive" nature, I never imagined there was "labour" so "intense" that you couldn't rest even one second. The only consolation is that I smoke less now. ... In the dormitory I do nothing but sleep.

It is difficult not to believe him. But when one begins to interpret his account, doubts appear. Kamata's marginal status in the firm, and the fact that he is writing about a period when the Japanese automobile industry was desperately trying to increase production, while contending with quite severe labour shortages, mean that his experience is not typical. The Toyota plant was a simple case in that there were no robots, although it is of course true that there are still many operations in the car industry which have not yet been automated. Several aspects of Kamata's story contrast strikingly with other studies of Japanese firms: he was given no proper training, possibly because he was a seasonal worker; the production system was apparently based by inadequate planning and arbitrariness, except through high-level union channels. Although some discussion was permitted at work-group level from Kamata's position it is only too easy to see that all decisions were taken as "given". Managers as well as workers seemed to look on sickness

and accidents as caused by individual weaknesses, rather than by the work system itself. In order to arrive at a considered judgment on Kamata's book, it is necessary to compare it with the only two other accounts of the Toyota factory system published in English in recent years: Shin-ichi Takazawa's report *Improvements in the Quality of Working Life in Three Japanese Industries* (1982), which included a study of Toyota in the mid-1970s, and Robert E. Cole's *Mobility and Participation* – an excellent study of a Toyota plant in the early 1970s. Professor Takazawa describes the various improvements at Toyota in the standard of hostel accommodation, canteen facilities, sports centre, etc., all of which are very much at odds with Kamata's description. The wage figures quoted by Kamata refer to his own pay as a seasonal worker and show that he started off at two-thirds of the average pay in the industry for 1972 (the equivalent of \$236). After four months, his pay had increased to this average, but the reason for the increase was not an increase in his work, but lay with overtime, shift allowances and a production allowance. Kamata argues that the latter is very important and can vary by a margin of 40 per cent, so that "this is functionally a piece-work payment system". Strangely, neither Takazawa nor Professor Cole, who specifically analyses the Toyota wage system, mentions production allowances.

Ronald Dore believes that *Japan in the Passing Lane* is a useful book in that it will help foreigners to understand the Japanese context of Quality Control Circles and mass suggestion schemes. If such ideas are to be adopted in Britain, then the problem is to know whether the basic condition of trust between management and workers could be further developed here. Dore is optimistic on this point. He thinks that what he calls the "holistic corporation recipe" (seeing the organization one works in as a co-operative enterprise) can be kept separate from attitudes of dependence and subservience to workers, a Japanese feature which he thinks is not transferable. Even in Japan, Dore sees the gradual decline of the frantic workaholic ethic. In spite of his optimism however, it is unlikely that many will see Kamata's book as an

Bulk in the bookstalls

James Kirkup

FREDERIK L. SCHODT

Manga! Manga! The world of Japanese comics
260pp. Tokyo: Kodansha
International. \$19.95.
0 87011 549 9

Japan is the paradise of comics. They come in all shapes and sizes, but the most common format is the size of a London telephone-directory. They appear weekly, and each issue sells up to 3 million copies. The rare few that are left over each week are pulped to make new ones. Every day, Japanese residential streets resound to the over-amplified call of the collectors of old newspapers, magazines and comics: if you stack up a big enough pile, you can receive a roll of toilet-paper in exchange. Indeed, Japanese comics use up more paper than the whole nation's consumption of toilet paper.

One can not escape comics in Japan: they are everywhere, most notably in the open displays at the front of bookshops, bakeries, confectionery stores, grocery-stores and stationers. They are in the waiting-rooms of doctors, dentists and cosmetic surgeons, and lie beside the flower arrangements in banks for the entertainment of customers and their children. Many banks use plastic models of cartoon characters and animals to attract family custom and create a "soft", child-like environment in institutions not noted for softness of heart. In university bookstores, one does not find students eagerly perusing Sartre or Updike or Iris Murdoch: they are all deep in the latest issue of

"Shonen Jump" – three hundred pages of fast-paced, wildly improbable, sketchily-drawn and often crudely composed stories with a minimum of words. A practised scanner can get through such a tome in about twenty minutes while standing in the shop, whose owners amiably tolerate such behaviour in readers from six to sixty. In Japan bookstores are also public comic-clubs and reading-rooms. The prices of such monster comics are very modest – about 50p – but no one is forced to buy, so that an issue of 3 million may have a weekly readership two or three times as great. Because there is little vandalism in Japanese cities, there are thousands of vending-machines purveying every type of *manga*, many of them pornographic. It is not unusual to see a "salaryman" in a sober business-suit open his Vuitton attaché-case on a Bullet Train and take out two or three of these blockbuster comics.

The *manga* are aimed at all walks of life, and every kind of sport, profession, craft and sexual obsession has its share of the trade, with overlapping readerships: high-school girls are crazy about stories of homosexual loves between pretty young foreign boys, married men are fascinated by comic books depicting the joys and sorrows of little girls, and little boys learn the facts of life from pseudo-scientific sex stories of every persuasion, even though because of Japan's stringent censorship laws the comic artist somehow has to depict the sexual act without showing pubic hair. In erotic magazines from the West, sexual parts have to be blacked out, using a vast army of part-time workers, from students to retired office personnel.

Frederik L. Schodt's excellent survey covers a multitude of themes.

He has an amusing section on the special onomatopoeic effects used by Japanese comic illustrators, who usually write their own sound effects. Some of these are very subtle, like *suru-suru* (the sound of someone slurping noodles), *hira-hira* (leaves falling), and the many types of rain – *za-bosun-bosun* or *para-para*. When a penis suddenly stands erect the accepted sound is *blin*, and when someone's face grows red with embarrassment we have *po*. The whisper of chilled cream being added to hot coffee is *suron*, and even the sound of silence itself is *shinin*. A samurai-assassin may vanish into thin air with the sound of *fu*.

Overworked, frustrated and humiliated housewives, and salarymen and children who, from the kindergarten onwards, have to suffer an "examination hell" beyond belief in Western countries, all turn to the *manga* for release and temporary relaxation in a world of total fantasy. The extreme violence, sadism, blood-letting and cannibalism in many of the stories may be partly to blame for the recent escalations of teenage violence in schools and homes, often ending in mutilations and murder. Yet the *manga* remain ever-popular in a land where interest in real books is steadily declining. There is even a Buddhist temple dedicated to the souls of used comic-books – Jōrakujō in Kawasara City, commonly known as Kawasara or "Cartoon Temple." This is quite fitting, because some of the earliest comic-strips, created hundreds of years ago, were inscribed on temple walls, and can still be seen in certain places.

One of the ever-popular forms of comic is that called *ero-guro-nansensu* (erotic grotesque nonsense) which treats sexual follies and abnormalities in a healthily humorous and outrageous way. Buddhist priests are often depicted demonstrating "how to sex" to young acolytes. Another prominent genre is the SF tale, also liberally dosed with sex, even for the very young. Unusual and illogical women have often been portrayed, and the Japanese admiration of blonde hair and blue eyes is reflected in the many young androgynous heroes and heroines of soft-core school sex romances.

Mr Schodt has produced a highly amusing and instructive account, profusely illustrated, and ending with a group of *manga* tales. In English reading-left-to-right versions, one of which, "Barefoot Gen", the adventures of a boy in Hiroshima when the A-bomb is dropped, is a masterpiece of visual compression, with movie-style cuts, close-ups and fade-outs, and a highly expressive literary style. This comic-book story by Keiji Nakazawa, who actually witnessed the bombing of Hiroshima, has become one of the bibles of the anti-nuclear movement in Japan, and an international best-seller. Anyone wanting to find out all he can in the pleasantest way about Japanese family life, society, culture, business and sport would do well to study this unique assemblage of texts, illustrations and commentaries.

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Buggery below decks

Geoffrey Scammell

B. R. BURG

Sodomy and the Perception of Evil: English Sea Rovers in the Seventeenth-Century Caribbean
215pp. New York University Press.
\$26.
0 8147 1040 9

Among the many unhappy consequences of the founding of the first European overseas empires was the conversion of the Caribbean into a centre of privateering and piracy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Through its waters were carried cargoes of the legendary wealth of Spanish America. They were laden with ships which moved along predictable routes, skirting on their way to Europe, galaxies of uninhabited or sparsely populated islands which formed ideal bases for marauders. For a time Spain's enemies sent out regular expeditions, such as that commanded by Piet Heyn on a celebrated occasion, to seize the silver convoys. But by the end of the seventeenth century, by the erstwhile grand strategy had degenerated into indiscriminate looting and plundering by desperadoes of assorted nationalities, conducted with a violence and brutality remarkable even by the standards of

the age. Nor, according to B. R. Burg, was this all that they were remarkable for. Caribbean pirates, he alleges, were predominantly homosexuals, living free from heterosexual persecution and opprobrium, "completely socialized and acculturated", and by their deeds demonstrating that homosexuals equalled heterosexuals in "the most masculine of all human enterprises".

Mr Burg furthermore asserts that homosexuality was tacitly accepted in Stuart and Hanoverian England; that the upper classes read and emulated the precepts of such as Aretino; and that lower orders were impelled to sodomy by economic and social pressures. The bands of the poor roaming the country were predominantly male, and therefore, he concludes, like us not homosexual. Youths sent to serve apprenticeships were isolated from female company, and thus, he similarly concludes, like us not homosexual too. Then, according to Burg, with the great expansion of the English merchant fleet, and the rapid growth of the English navy from the mid-1600s, demanding sailors in unprecedented numbers, there came further encouragement and opportunities. So while heterosexuals went to sea in coasters or fishing craft – supposedly rarely far from home and women – homosexuals opted for the oceanic trades, or for fighting ships, which meant months or even years away from women; and with the added prospect of being able to desert to the

even greater pleasures of the Caribbean.

There is nothing to recommend these assertions or Burg's presentation of them. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries produced much comment, most of it hostile, on the behaviour of seamen, especially those taken for naval service. Generally unpaid and usually unfed they not surprisingly mutinied, threatened the authorities in seaports or marched on the capital. Among the many vices attributed to them by the outraged or terrified ruling classes was a lust for women so brutal and insatiable that they disregarded the contemporary prescription of copulating with menstruating females. Sodomy was certainly known in early modern England, and certainly known at sea. Whether attitudes to it were liberal at the time is a different matter. It was condemned by law. It was prohibited in the standing orders for voyages of exploration. Such prohibitions, and Burg suggests, Drake had the steward of one of his ships hanged for buggery in his 1585-6 expedition, and sodomy was a court-martial offence in the following century. Nor does Burg have much luck in his search through English literature for works extolling or advocating homosexuality. The best he can find is Rochester's *Sodomy*, which in any case had to be published abroad. Even this, however, ends with a denunciation of buggery, and has the realm of Sodomy destroyed because of

their ruler's obstinate perseverance in such practices. As Burg himself admits, sodomy was not "an acceptable style of conduct" and homosexuals found it "prudent" to attract as little notice as possible. "Some skill is needed, and a new hand like me can't do it alone. I'm thirsty as hell, but workers can neither smoke nor drink water. Going to the toilet is out of the question. Who could have invented a system like this?"

On conditions at sea, and on the lives of the pirates in particular, Burg is even less convincing. He has, as he accepts, no worthwhile evidence, since pirates rarely recorded "experiences of any sort, let alone those of a sexual nature". This reduces him to the colonial societies of the Caribbean European males outnumbered European females, the region, he claims, was a natural setting for homosexuality. He dismisses the testimony of contemporaries who alleged that in the Bahamas every man considered every woman his property. He similarly ignores the corroborative evidence of such as Captain Uring, and he attempts to dismiss episodes showing the brutal sexual relations of pirates with women, or their well-attested addiction to female African slaves. He recounts how on one occasion a commander slit a man's stomach open, pulled the end of his intestines to a post, and then chased the wretch with a firebrand, so that the victim's entrails were seared as he sought to escape. Of such men Burg clinically comments that "they lived with an extremely high level of anxiety", though free from psycho-

pathological difficulties.

Burg is on his own admission no such practices. As Burg himself admits, sodomy was not "an acceptable style of conduct" and homosexuals found it "prudent" to attract as little notice as possible. "Some skill is needed, and a new hand like me can't do it alone. I'm thirsty as hell, but workers can neither smoke nor drink water. Going to the toilet is out of the question. Who could have invented a system like this?"

On this assortment of guesswork, sententious generalization and downright error the author alleges that his findings substantiate homosexual advocates of acquired homosexuality, demonstrate that homosexual communities can function virtually independent of heterosexual society, and that the martial capabilities of homosexuals are in no way inferior to those of heterosexuals. Nothing he adduces in relation to the Caribbean pirates substantiates any of these claims.

Flitting shadow

J. K. L. Walker

NICHOLAS SALAMAN

Dangerous Pursuits
192pp. Allison Press / Secker and Warburg, £7.50.
0 436 4086 5

Nicholas Salaman's second novel, a gleefully unrealistic comedy of pursuit and bloodless revenge, arrives garlanded with praise on the dust-jacket for his first, *The Frights*. In *Dangerous Pursuits* the scene has shifted from wartime Somerset to present-day London and the Chilterns, centre of the "slipshod, disposable, take-away society" in which Roy Croucher, seen sipping his Amontillado in a Chelsea pub as the novel opens, finds himself increasingly an alien. All this seems set fair for a voyage into nostalgia and xenophobia, the Falklands Factor extended to the power of n.

Very quickly, however, Salaman scuttles the reader's hopes of identification with aristocratic eccentricities by revealing his hero's proximity to the psychiatrist's couch and, worse, to unchic origins in the Fulham ironmongery trade. Croucher's goings-on must therefore be regarded with the right degree of supercilious amusement. With his quarter of a million from the sale of the hardware business, his O-Level supplemented by his bedtime reading of the *Shorter Oxford* and his experience of jungle warfare as a National Service corporal in Malaya during the Emergency, Croucher flits through the metropolitan forest, a corporeal Robin Goodfellow, a malicious presence on the track of the bewildered American Tony Richmond, a hard-scrubbing executive with a video and surveillance firm, and his girl-friend Chloe.

Chloe, whose story alternates with that of Croucher — a tale of the small-town girl who by judicious use of wits and his has made good (or gone to the bid) in the modern city, moving on

from a topless club in Bayswater, via a Kensington charm school and the beds of well-spoken men to the rôle of smart croupière — is less puzzled than Richmond by the grass-snakes in his laundry-box, the green milk, the revealing photographs that find their way to his rich American wife and her lesbian friend in their Thames Valley cottage. This is because, as pre-Chloe Isobel, she had been given her start in London by Croucher during a twelve-month stint as his wife, tucked up claustrophobically in the World's End flat, and is resigned to his voyeuristic shadowing.

Salaman keeps the two narratives apart with cool skill; Chloe, in the third person, has little to say about Croucher, an error from her past, while Croucher, in the first person, lost in dissociated sentimental broodings about the departed Isobel (an adjective used by him ambiguously throughout) and nurturing pathetic and rather sinister Collectorish plans to bring her back to her own room, refers to Chloe throughout as "the girl" — until the moment when fantasy and reality merge.

All this pushes the straightforward cope-and-robbers farce, at which Salaman is very good — he ends it in a fine set-piece in the Chiltern woods with guns going off in all directions — nicely on the skew. This is calculated modern comedy, self-aware, crisply written, convincingly knowledgeable on matters of silviculture, Middle East politics, the London scene, marketing techniques and the surveillance business. The glamorous high-powered shoddiness of expense-account living is sharply realized, while the bulldog British belief in the decadence of our society, because it is voiced in Croucher's pedantic tones, can be discounted as narrow-minded Pooterism. Only in the expert descriptions of the fear and bloodiness of jungle warfare in Malaya does reality intrude into the generally somewhat heartless high jinks. Perhaps Mr Salaman might glance back at this particular patch of imperial twilight for his next novel.

Ho down

Mary Kathleen Benet

ALIX KATES SHULMAN

On the Stroll
301pp. Virago, £8.95 (paperback, £3.95).
0 86068 368 8

The first piece of arcane information we learn in this heavily-researched book is that the Times Square — 42nd Street area of New York, which middle-class tourists naively think of as the theatre district, is known to the prostitutes who work it as "the stroll". Our second piece of lore is that a prostitute is called a "ho". Once we have mastered these terms, we are ready to go on and absorb the facts Alix Kates Shulman has marshalled for us about pimps, tricks, bag ladies, baby-pro, creeping, cake, three-card monte, and so forth.

The story onto which these details are strung concerns three characters whose lives intersect on the stroll. Robin is a young runaway from an unhappy family in Maine, who shows up at the Port Authority bus terminal. There she is met by Prince, a pimp who needs a new girl. He plays on her need for love until she agrees to work the streets, knowing it is the only way she can keep him.

They are observed by wise old bag lady Owl, a derelict with the evidence of her pitiful life stashed in a well-organized series of shopping bags. "What should she do with this burdensome treasure, this monument to her life? ... For what had she stilled her death if she couldn't pass them on, share their meaning, see one face light up with understanding looking into her bags?" When she spots Robin, the girl's blonde innocence convinces her that this is a kind of reappearance of her long-lost daughter Milly, and she decides Robin must be her spiritual heir. Owl, who feeds stray cats, tends wounded birds, and has mystical

experiences, waits patiently for her chance to help Robin/Milly.

Meanwhile, Robin/Butt (her "street name") is having a tough time. Prince, who originally controlled her with kindness, now resorts to punishment and bullying. She must escape, as she did from her sadistic father.

Shulman is an intelligent and competent writer; she twists this story into a knot of tension and keeps us reading. Along the way, we pick up some more interesting information: how to tell if a trick is diseased, what a bag lady keeps in her bags, the terms of the "pimping code".

But what is it all about? The tone is dispassionate, didactic; here is no Dickens or Zola, indicting society for allowing such things to happen. Even Shulman's feminism, her previous crusade, is muted here; it just goes without saying that in the past of each of these unhappy characters is a brutal or irresponsible man. Original sin is firmly located in the male psyche, but she doesn't insist on the fact; merely treats it as if we have all known it all along.

This does create a paradox. Owl eventually succeeds in passing on some kind of heritage to Robin — a heritage of women's strength — and in rescuing her from Prince. But if women are the survivors, the custodians, the life-givers, why are they such easy prey to contemptible men? Is prostitution simply an extension of normal male-female relations? If so, these characters are too unconvincing to demonstrate it. Owl too saintly, Robin too malevolent, Prince too one-dimensionally evil. Shulman's age of life on the stroll remains a miscellany, never unified by passion, pathos, or a compelling point of view.

This year's Hawthornden Prize has been awarded to *Timidly Mo* for his novel *Sow's Speech* (the Somerset Maugham Award has been won by Lisa St. Aubin de Terán for her novel *Report of the House*).

Undercurrents in the boue

Patricia Craig

URSULA HOLDEN

Wider Pools
123pp. Methuen, £6.95.
413 51770 5

For some time now, Ursula Holden has been engaged in casting a bold eye on various kinds of decay and dereliction; it therefore comes as no surprise to find her new novel opening in an insect-ridden swimming-pool. Beetles, corn plasters, cubicles reeking of old knickers, unshaded light bulbs, pools of vomit in the street: all these are mentioned straight away in the effort to procure an undercurrent of squalor, necessary to the plot. This is the atmosphere in which Ursula Holden's characters flourish; her stance is deliberately anti-glamorous, though her fiction borrows elements from a literary form — the fable — that doesn't altogether eschew enchantment. There are touches of the Victorian tract about it too.

Wider Pools is in fact a fable about moral responsibilities, betrayals, disasters and afflictions. These are murky matters, best treated briskly, as Ursula Holden understands: her manner is abrupt and comic, while the quality at the centre of her novel, grubbiness conjoined with violence,

is communicated sparingly. Her sentences are short, perky and unevocative. Her narrator Shirley, who naturally prefers the run-down pool to a new hygienic one not far away, is an ex-night club hostess turned school cook.

The cold summer of *Penny Links*, Ursula Holden's last novel but one, has given way to a summer of ferocious heat. "There were fears of water shortage, ruined crops, death from heatstroke," Shirley's school, which caters largely for the children of immigrants, has broken up, and the girl plans to devote all her time to a purely therapeutic project: the writing of a quasi-autobiographical novel with everything untoward edited out of her life. Naturally, various incidents, all of a startling character, occur to obstruct this task. Some pages of notes, transported to Calais on a cross-channel ferry and back again, are all Shirley ever produces of her book.

The message here is plain enough: you cannot tamper with the events of the past to suit your present state of mind. The notes meet with a symbolic ending when they are handed to a couple of children, one dark and the other deaf, who tear them up to make paper cutouts. This, in fact, is part of the satisfactory pattern Shirley has craved — and part, as well, of the rather striking little pattern the author imposes on the whole undertaking. There is a stolen child in Shirley's past,

a hole-in-corner birth in a back room, and a somewhat complicated alliance with flamboyant Tina, one of her fellow-hostesses at the Ladbroke Grove night club. Tina reappears, all disorder and futile brazenness, and so eventually does luckless Pauline, the third of Ursula Holden's trio of ex-call girls.

Add to these Shirley's overweight, querulous sister Zee, an awful swimming pool attendant and the owner of a parrot, and you have a suitable cast for merely ruthless treatment — this, by and large, being what it gets. The comedy comes from the connections between all these distinctive people, with a few rumbustious set-piece confrontations thrown in for good measure; while their discords and disabilities give rise to productive unease. There are moments, however, when sentimentality threatens to intrude, and other moments when the tinpot, *Up the Junction* realism of the narrative seems slightly at odds with the formal composition of the story. Ursula Holden, as ever, has a great deal to say on the topic of stagnant lives and the circumstances in which these are lived. *Wider Pools* is deft and compact; you cannot help feeling, however, that its extreme brevity, as well as its underlying *nostalgia de la boue*, is partly an effect of the author's unwillingness to risk getting out of her depth.

The saint of sanity

Julia O'Faolain

EDITH REVELEY

In Good Faith
267pp. Hodder and Stoughton, £7.95.
0 340 32012 5

In her new novel Edith Reveley, a writer deservedly admired for her wit and insight, considers the ironies attendant on people's efforts to help each other either individually or en masse.

The principal helpers are George and Margery Ince, a middle-aged English couple who live in Rome where George works for an organization founded "to advance international welfare and amity". Since the organization novel is a genre now almost as well established as the academic one, it is no surprise to learn that EUR is an incubator for infighting, back-stabbing and incompetence. Ms Reveley's exposé of it is entertaining and believable, and has the bold assurance of a morality play in which the English George calls for his national saint? — is favourably contrasted with colleagues from other nations.

These include Felix, a German, whose name mocks his melancholy guilt over a past in the Hitler Youth, and St Juste, a Frenchman silly with intellectual vanity, who extols anachronism and gets his comeuppance when Felix's psychopathic son throws a bomb at him. Injuries are minor, but the incident pinpoints another of the novel's themes, the way fall-out from the sins of one generation can affect the next. Background rumbles from a Rome shaken by "political uproar and civil anarchy" give all this resonance, and the fact that EUR is housed in a compound first planned by Mussolini deepens home the message: grandiose dreams are dangerous. Concern, modesty and moderation are the saving values, George, whose wife sees him as the one just man in the place, embodies them. He struggles on their behalf within the organization and voices a belief that, despite occasional foul-ups, "[t]he aims are still worth while and by and large, carried out in reasonably good faith".

This dilemma is as hard to refute as it is to write to. In a narrative crackling with snap judgments, wit, humour and the antics of highly coloured, even cartoonish, minor characters, something more forceful than this wretched decency is needed to counterbalance the nastiness of Villains like Felix's son, who at one point tries to boil his girl friend's arm. The mild

and gentle George, whose favourite response is a "quizzical" look, seems at times to have wandered goofily in from another novel.

He performs more adequately on the home front, where Margery and he cope with Muriel, the problem teenage daughter of a friend who has ruthlessly dumped her on them. Muriel's mother, a one-time bella from Virginia, has traumatized the ugly, outside girl by trying to make her into a copy of herself. Years of humiliation in a procurator boarding school dedicated to turning pupils into flowers of Southern womanhood have numbed Muriel's natural intelligence. Her confidence is nil. Tactfully, the Inces set about restoring it. There are setbacks due to the interference of the girl's appalling mother and an Italian con-man. Muriel's recovery is plausibly incomplete, and George is

moved to remember his own childhood, his supercilious, intellectual parents and the "aidless, riskless, passionless propriety" which nearly stifled his growth and was, presumably, responsible for that dimness in him which makes the impact of more vivid if less admirable characters drown out his scrupulous wisdom. His is the voice of sanity, but the author has been unable to make it prevail.

Her narrative blends burlesque, psychological comedy and, in Muriel's Ugly Duckling sequences, something which reads like a throwback to nineteenth-century gothic novels by writers such as L. A. Meade. Though she writes with verve and intelligence, Reveley has not, I think, managed to put these incompatible strands together, nor achieved the stylish control which made her first novel so impressive.

Criminal proceedings

DOROTHY L. SAYERS, AGATHA CHRISTIE, CLEMENCE DANF, E. C. BENTLEY, ANTHONY BERKELEY AND FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS

The Scoop

HUGH WALPOLE, AGATHA CHRISTIE, DOROTHY L. SAYERS, ANTHONY BERKELEY, E. C. BENTLEY AND RONALD KNOX

Behind the Screen

182pp. Gollancz, £6.95.
0 575 03225 1

These two curiosities for collectors were written, for broadcast serialization, in 1930 and 1931, and were published as serials in *The Listener*, an appendix to a competition, "A Chance for Amateur Detectives", set by Milward Kennedy, is printed with the second episode of *Behind the Screen*.

It is interesting to note the different attitudes adopted by the various contributors. Some subvert their own personalities to the exigencies of the story: Dorothy L. Sayers is recognizable only through her telephone conversations, Agatha Christie through the remarks of bystanders. Others plough on in their own individual way. Clemence Dane introduces a puppy, "irragating, thin, with beseeching eyes". Freeman Wills Crofts ignores the hummies of others and immediately gets down to brass tacks with a police attempt to break an alibi based on, as might be guessed, a railway timetable.

The *Scoop* was planned in outline before being written, and was then

coordinated in composition by Dorothy L. Sayers. It hangs together better than *Behind the Screen*, but has less of the latter's interest. *Behind the Screen* proceeds according to no plan, like a game of consequences. Hugh Walpole sets the ball rolling with a broadly sinister scene, but after this the fascination lies in seeing how each writer manages, with a Houdini-like twist, to escape from the impossible situation in which he has been left by his predecessor.

GLADYS MITCHELL

The Greenstone Griffin
200pp. Michael Joseph, £7.95.
0 7181 2213 5

The griffins of the title are a pair of candlesticks; seen once in a country house by a child, and associated by her with evil. Later they turn up again in her life, linked with a murder which she is believed to have committed. Luckily Mrs Beatrice Lestrang-Bradley is at hand to sort the matter out without doubt. Mitchell's latest book is without doubt her best for some time. Set in an indeterminate era — which gives off, however, a strong whiff of the 1930s — it has a beautifully observed rural life, a beautifully schoolmistress heroine, educational establishments have always been Miss Mitchell's forte, and one suspects that an autobiographical detail or two might be concealed here. Plot is couched in the neat, and the whole is couched in the author's inimitable style, almost unaltered since her first book, published fifty-four years ago.

T. J. Blynon

Disseminating discipline

April FitzLyon

LÉONIE ROSENSTIEL

Nadia Boulanger: A Life in Music
477pp. Norton, £16.95.
0 393 01495 9

Musical pedagogues, no matter how distinguished, rarely make the headlines. Yet Nadia Boulanger, a prim, erudite spinster, was received by heads of state, decorated, filmed, taped, televised, interviewed by innumerable journalists and, on her nineteenth birthday, after a splendid fête at Fontainebleau, huge hot air balloons were released into the sky. This was hardly the treatment to which Rachas, Lesueur or Tovey were accustomed; and the fact that Nadia Boulanger survived into the media age only partly accounts for it. Clearly, she had some quite exceptional quality; although they have tried, few of her many distinguished friends and pupils, let alone Léonie Rosenstiel in this new American biography, have been able to give a really coherent explanation of her special appeal. Their inability to do so would not have displeased Nadia Boulanger herself; she was the most reticent of women, shunning all personal revelations, and always maintaining, like her close friend Stravinsky, that only the music mattered.

She came from a musical family. Her paternal grandmother was a well-known singer at the Opéra Comique. Her father, seventy-two years old when Nadia was born in 1857, had been a pupil of Alkan, Halévy and Lesueur. He won the Prix de Rome, became a

moderately successful composer of *opérettes* and, later, professor at the Conservatoire. Nadia's mother, forty-three years younger than her husband, was Russian. From her Nadia inherited a strong personality and a passion for discipline. Although she spoke only nursery Russian, Nadia felt the pull of two different cultures; when she returned from judging the Tchaikovsky piano competition in Moscow in 1906, she spoke of having been "home".

At the Conservatoire, Nadia was a pupil of Fauré. She was the first woman to win the second Prix de Rome; her younger sister, Lili, was the first woman to win first prize, and to go to the Villa Medici. On graduating, Nadia began to teach; but for a time she also appeared as a concert pianist and organist, and composed a little. Two deaths — those of Lili, who died at twenty-four leaving a considerable *oeuvre*, and of Nadia's friend, the pianist Raoul Pugno — seem to have brought her career as soloist and composer virtually to an end. She devoted the rest of her long life to keeping her sister's memory and reputation alive, to teaching and, occasionally, to conducting. She taught both privately and at the Conservatoire, the Ecole Normale de Musique and, from its foundation in 1921 by Walter Damrosch, at the American Conservatory at Fontainebleau.

Her first American pupil was Aaron Copland, soon followed by Virgil Thomson, Walter Piston and Roger Sessions. From then on the American connection grew and prospered; she is said to have had several thousand American pupils, some talented, some merely rich. She often visited the States, and spent the Second World War there. Her influence on American

music was very considerable: she gave absolute mastery of theory and technique to every musician the freedom to create and interpret well; in this respect she was a draconian disciplinarian, a benevolent despot. She was, in the best sense of the word, an elitist, satisfied with nothing but the best. She was a discerning critic and analyst. And what more? Menuhin saw her as a combination of French intellectual clarity and precision with her as a combination of French intellectual generosity and exuberance. Markevitch considered that her genius was, above all, for analysis. Lennox Berkeley thought that she inspired people by the strength of her personality and by her dedicated life. Paul Valéry thought that her special gift was a combination of enthusiasm and order. Ms Rosenstiel, on the other hand, sees her almost entirely as an *excuse* for trivialities.

Nadia Boulanger had always discouraged biographers, believing that her work, not her life, was of interest. However, as Rosenstiel was planning a book about Lili Boulanger, whose posthumous reputation was still her sister's principal concern, she was given some facilities. This was in 1971, when Nadia was eighty-four, and physically failing. The result is a biography quite out of keeping with the subject, Nadia Boulanger, who was as intellectually rigorous and astringent as her friends Valéry and Stravinsky, is in it reduced to women's magazine fodder.

Music plays no serious part in this book, although we are told that Nadia "swept across the musical landscape like a hurricane", and that her "grounded lecture magic", and that her "ground-breaking discs stunned the musical world". Although the author assumes us

particular bent. She believed that only conversation "between Nadia and Stravinsky" "demanding that she choose between him and Schoenberg once and for all", it is not easy to imagine it. Rosenstiel is really more interested in social class, but her understanding of European mores is vestigial. Did Nadia really not attend the Stein salon because "to have attended would have placed [her] on the same social level as her students"? However, she did, apparently, attend endless receptions, all "glittering", and when in Monaco "she loved to romp on the floor with the royal toddlers". Incidentally, it is a relief to learn that in the palace there, they not only had antique furniture but "original oils". Rosenstiel's Paris is a weird and wonderful place. In Nadia's childhood "demi-mondaines" infested the streets; (how right Dumas fils was to define for future generations the term which he had coined). The French bourgeoisie is described with withering scorn and scant accuracy. "The only acceptable friendships women were permitted to have were with other women"; and a woman of thirty-one was "by French standards ... on the brink of old age". Concert life was also strange: musicians were lured to the Princess de Polignac's concerts by the promise of "priceless exposure"; however, at the concerts at "the posh Hotel George V" there was the added bonus that "after the concert, members of the audience could lunch with the aristocrat of their choice". If you want to know if Nadia Boulanger shaved her armpits, Léonie Rosenstiel will tell you; but if you want to know about her work and ideas, it would be better to read Bruno Monsiegnon's more serious and decent *Mademoiselle* (Paris, 1981).

What was the secret of her teaching? Opinions differ; she obviously treated each talented pupil as a special case, helping him to discover his own

Looking for the parallels

Christopher Wintle

OSWALD JONAS

Introduction to the Theory of Heinrich Schenker
Translated by John Rothgeb
175pp. Longman, £17.50.
0 582 28327 6

DAVID BEACH (Editor)

Aspects of Schenkerian Theory
222pp. Yale University Press, £21 (paperback, £6.95).
0 300 02800 8

In musical analysis, the Schenkerians are now emerging as the conservatives where once they were cast as the radicals. Just how this is coming about is brought into focus by the publication of these two books, which have involved in one way or another, most of the influential Schenkerian thinkers of the last fifty years (Schenker, an Austrian analyst, died in 1935).

Introduction to the Theory of Heinrich Schenker by Oswald Jonas, a Schenker pupil from the 1920s, was first published in Vienna in 1934; was revised in 1972, and now appears in a lucid translation by a dedicated young American scholar, John Rothgeb. *Aspects of Schenkerian Theory*, on the other hand, is a collection of new articles, again by Americans, which includes a contribution from the veteran Felix Salzer, whose *Structural Hearing* (1952) did so much to establish Schenkerian thought in the English-speaking world; it also incorporates two welcome reprints of hitherto obscure articles by the late Ernst Oster, himself a pupil of Jonas, and translator of Schenker's major (posthumous) work, *Der freie Satz* (1935).

It is chiefly the radical spirit that is breathed by Jonas's *Introduction*, a work fittingly alive to the significance of the desert. It was helping to usher in a new era of musical thought, and it has yet to be bettered. Corvids, in the grasp of the issues, and sometimes as incisive as his original, (Schenker gave the book a warm imprimatur). Its substance is by now familiar; against traditional motifs and thematic thought,

Schenker set a theory of concealed parallelisms; he countered Hugo Riemann by demanding a vastly more probing view of phrasing and structural rhythm; and he rejected Schoenberg's "sonataform" (which was related to the upper partials of the harmonic system) by describing all sonorities in terms of the elaboration of the "natural" triad: for this he invoked Fux-derived counterpoint, figured bass and a concept of harmony that superseded that of Rameau. Very sensibly, Jonas left to the end Schenker's most startling formulations — the *Ursatz* (the background drive to the final cadence) and the revised ideas of form — and dealt relatively little with the special system of graphic representation that can so easily obscure a beginner's musical understanding of the main issues.

By comparison, *Aspects* is a more highly evolved and specialized book, though also a more cosseted one. Gone are Jonas's polemics; the temptation to derive some synthesis from pre-war dialectics is resisted (if, indeed, it ever arose); and many of the articles move well within familiar boundaries. This is not necessarily a bad thing. The American contribution to Schenkerian studies has been most impressive when at its most archaeological: unearthing, translating, editing and interpreting a figure described by Theodore Adorno in 1969 as "forgotten". If there is a slight air of routine clouding a volume that otherwise maintains an impressively high standard of presentation, then this is merely the concomitant of the fastidious scholarship. There is, for example, very little critical distance travelled between Schenker's account of Haydn's G minor Piano Sonata (1926) and Roger Kamien's of the C sharp minor one here; and the issue of parallelisms to which so many contributors allude is by now a very familiar one. More refreshing is Schenker's analyses to the fingerings found in his performing editions of the Beethoven Piano Sonatas. This draws on relatively inaccessible material (*Der Tonwille*, 1921-4), and points importantly to the source of so much of this theory in musical practice.

The remaining articles pursue extensions of the thought initiated by

followers in the fifteen years after Schenker's death. Curiously, those areas that are potentially most fertile have been developed with less vigour than the more problematic ones. In his justification of emancipated tonality, Jonas opened up the opportunity for much more comprehensive study of this subject than is offered here by Carl Schachter's limited, though sensitive, account of four Schubert songs. Similarly, Oster's comparison of Chopin's *Fantasia-Improvisation* with Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata proposes an influence at a deeper level than would normally be discussed, yet sets an example that has never been followed up. Less secure, because less authentic (Schenker recognized little more than the Bach to Brahms repertoire), are the extensions of the theory to include music from other periods: the Renaissance (Felix Salzer on Monteverdi), the "pre-Baroque" (Saul Novack on examples from the *Historical Anthology of Music*) and the Modern (James Baker on Scriabin's *Etymologie*). Novack's view that "we have no other recourse for understanding the past but to rely on what Schenker has taught us" is spirited, but one-sided. It is indeed important to see Schenkerian elements in the pre-tonal repertoire, but the musical language often suggest points that are stylistically alien to the theory. The historical, stylistic and aesthetic effort required to come to terms with the consequent sense of anomaly created by these other norms demands a larger investigation than any that could have been entered into here.

Both books are nicely produced, though the Beach collection comes, maddeningly, without an index. Yet both leave many vital and topical questions unasked. Are the differences between tonal practice in the Baroque, Classical and Romantic eras adequately defined by this theory? How can it be adapted to cope with the ambiguities of the nineteenth century? What role has it to play in traditional style-study? Does it genuinely offer a foundation for an alternative view of music history? Should it play a prescriptive role in evaluation as Jonas would like to see? To answer these may well require a new breed of Schenkerians. But at least, thanks to these writers, it has been secured foundations upon which to build.

Academe of Grove

Ronald Crichton

H. C. COLLES AND JOHN CRUFT

The Royal College of Music: A Centenary Record 1883-1983
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A hundred years ago, the Royal College of Music received a royal charter, having been formally opened by the Prince of Wales in a part of London much associated with his father, the Prince Consort. The first building, now the Royal College of Organists, still stands between the Royal College of Art and the Albert Hall, up the slope from the present RCM, whose monumental red facade by Sir Arthur Blomfield in the line drawing by Sir Hugh Casson reproduced in gilt on the cover of this book, resembles a fairy vision of a Renaissance palace crossed with Valhalla.

The new foundation was not a new idea. Paris had led the way nearly a century before with the *Conservatoire* established under Napoleon out of Revolutionary beginnings. Vienna followed in 1817, Leipzig in 1843, and London, the Royal Academy of Music, which sensibly initiated and maintained friendly relations with the young rival, had been granted a charter as early as 1830.

This centenary record contains a reissuing of four chapters by H. C. Colles, chief music critic of *The Times* for more than thirty years, from *A Jubilee Record*, published in 1933. His account of the RCM's first half-century is brought up to date by the dislodged music administrator John Cruft. Once the College is founded and working the history falls of its own accord into chapters named after the seven successive directors, from Sir George Grove to the present incumbent, Sir David Willcocks.

Much as he knew and cared about music, Grove was neither a professional musician nor a business man. But he was a sound judge of people and set the College on a common-sense, middle way between specialization and general education that can be

maddeningly placid but tends to avoid major accidents. Grove's successors, who have included the composer Parry, Hugh Allen, George Dyson and Keith Falkner, have been musicians with cathedral or teaching backgrounds.

One or two unexpected things emerge from the record. It is depressing to read of the RCM professors' struggle to get their hourly teaching pittance raised and to learn that the first salaries professor was appointed in 1974. More encouraging is the account of Falkner's directorate, with not only physical expansion but growth, at either end of the repertory studied, towards old and new music, and such new departures as the evidently stimulating visits from Nadia Boulanger. The general reader may be surprised by the amount of opera studied and performed. Stanford (prominent as a teacher though never director) was responsible for three productions of *Die Walküre*, much beloved by him, while among the many British operas listed in the appendices one notes the first performance of Vaughan Williams's *Faust* opera, *Sir John in Love*.

Colles and Cruft both write with a minimum of anecdote and local colour. Yet Cruft, mindful no doubt of Parry's axiom "Through facts are very easy to listen to they are not so useful as the inferences they carry", conveys a good deal between the lines, for example about the later years of the Dyson régime. Dyson, having kept the College going through the war, had to face reinforcement in the less endurable aftermath. He does not seem to have been the man to warm a cold time.

There are references to a more detailed account, up to 1968, by Guy Warrack, available it seems to researchers but unpublished. This may be a pity, since there are rich mines of English accidentally untapped in the *Centenary Record*. Allen, for one, who achieved so much in his intimidating way, and who had the nice humour to name the college opera theatre, for which he fought hard, after his predecessor Parry, who did not favour that branch of the art.

A Catalogue of the Music Manuscripts in York Minster Library, compiled by David Griffiths (266pp. J. B. Morris Library, University of York, £5.0140 3443) has recently been issued.

Behind the lines

Robert Hewison

However prudent the reporting in these columns appears to be, it is none the less a hostage to fortune to raise the question of libel. It is a hazard of daily journalism, but the law and economics of libel have an even more deleterious effect on authorship, where books may be killed off at great cost, without ever having seen the light of day, merely by the threat of a libel action.

This was one of the themes of "Word Watching", a panel discussion at the Institute of Contemporary Arts organized in conjunction with the Writers' Guild. The panelists all had the most direct experience of libel. The chairman, Michael Holroyd, had been unable to publish his first book, a novel, because of libel, and consequently had turned to biography, though he has never published a book without the threat of an action. Sheila MacLeod and Clancy Sigal are both novelists unable to publish because of libel, and Matthew Evans, a director of Faber and Faber, had to admit that his firm had innocently acquired "a pretty bad libel record". Only Michael Rubinstein, one of the country's leading libel lawyers, could be said to have profited from the libel laws, though he is highly critical of the present system.

Technically, it is possible to be rude about someone in a book if you can prove beyond doubt that what you say is true, but it is sufficient merely to write something that "lowers them in the estimation of right thinking people" to court trouble. Many libels are unintentional, but libel damages are tax-free, and the £30,000 or so that it takes to fight off a libel action are sufficient to persuade most publishers to settle out of court. The book, and the author's chance of earning anything from the labour of writing, are meanwhile destroyed.

It may even be the case, as for Sheila MacLeod, that no publisher will risk taking the book on in the first place. Ms MacLeod has recently been divorced from the singer and actor Paul Jones; her most recent novel - her seventh - concerns the break-up of a show business marriage. She is convinced that her husband does not appear in its pages, but in spite of their appreciation of the novel's quality, no publisher will take the risk. Her former husband declines to say whether he will sue or not, and she concludes that the threat of libel is a matter of bluff and money. She cites the case of John Osborne's mother as described in his autobiography, where her sex and relative lack of financial resources gave her none of the redress available to those who are rich and male. Her main objection was that unqualified persons were deciding the difference between fact and fiction; lawyers placed authors in the absurd position of seeking clearance for publication from the writer's imaginary characters.

Clancy Sigal concurred, and added that he had the distinction of himself being the victim of gross libels in three novels, two short stories and one play. However, his upbringing under the American Bill of Rights led him to believe more fervently in the right to information than the right to privacy. To him, the English libel laws existed to protect the upper classes, and in particular the spurious reputations of professions. He pointed out that the most ardent users of the libel laws were journalists, secondly, trades unionists, and thirdly politicians. Both of the right and left. The Watergate affair would never have been reported under English libel law.

The problem remains of what to do about the risk of libel. Almost without exception, publishers' epitaphs in this country throw the entire responsibility for the consequences of libel on to their authors, who sign a warranty that they may even exclude them from the deliberations and decisions of the publisher when a case is brought. Some publishers insure themselves against libel, and Faber and Faber have now pioneered an insurance scheme which protects their authors as well. Such schemes are becoming standard in America, but so far Faber are the only publishers here to show such concern for the author-publisher relationship.

The scheme has been instituted for only six months, so it may not be until next Spring that their underwriters' calculations are tested.

Insurance, however, is only a defensive measure, and a working party is currently being formed by the Writers' Guild, the Society of Authors, the Authors' Agents Association and other interested parties to press for a reform of the libel laws. Unfortunately, since politicians are among those most attached to the censorious use of libel, and the present government appears reluctant to do anything about the even more pressing question of copyright, it is likely that for some time the paradox will remain that the victim of libel is often himself a victimizer.

While much public attention is being drawn to the consequences for the arts of Conservative plans to dismember the GLC, the other local source of metropolitan arts funding, the Greater London Arts Association, is privately tearing itself apart. The climax of the struggle will come in September, at a special general meeting of GLAA when constitutional changes (already approved in principle) will be put to the vote.

The drive for change in GLAA has come from those most associated with Community Arts, an art process rather than an art form, whose needs are at present catered for by one of the Association's eight advisory panels. Its chief spokesman has been an Executive Committee member, Martin Dyke. He is highly critical of the lack of direction given by the Executive Committee, and the lack of information provided by the Association's officers and advisory panels. As presently constituted, he says, GLAA is incapable of growth or change.

The change proposed is twofold: a restructuring of the Executive Committee of GLAA so as to include greater representation from London's local boroughs and instead of the present eight advisory groups dealing with their respective art forms, four panels are proposed which will work across the categories. The four new panels will work to a policy laid down by a strengthened committee.

Opposition to these proposals comes from the unlikely combination of the Film and Video, and the Literature Panels. They suspect a covert motive in the removal of their identities; that the aim is to divert as much money as possible to Community Arts and to get rid of many of the artists who presently constitute the advisory panels. They suspect that to be a professional artist, and therefore to have to make discriminatory judgments, is thought to be elitist.

Jim Mulligan, an ILEA English Adviser on the Literature panel - and by no stretch of the imagination an elitist - has led much of the opposition to the proposed changes. He argues that the "real advisory work should come from those who know what they are doing, and that involves knowing something about the art form, and the other people who are helping to come to that decision". The proponents of change, however, still have to convince the Association's staff, and it is likely that there will have to be negotiations with their unions before major changes go through.

The irony is that the Greater London Arts Association has so little actual money - about one and half million pounds a year - to spend on the arts. Ninety per cent of applications from individual artists have to be turned down. At its last meeting, the Literature panel faced applications for publishing projects totalling £60,000; they have £6,000 for the purpose. In the larger perspective of GLAA's pathetic lack of resources, the exhausting battle for possession of an empty paper bag.

It is a sign of the extent to which

imaginative writers are held in this country that the most unusual aspect of Sir Angus Wilson's recent election as President of the Royal Society of Literature should be that he is a novelist. His predecessor, who held the post for thirty years, was Lord Butler; before him came Field Marshal Viscount Wavell, compiler of the wartime anthology, *Other Men's Flowers*.

To outsiders, those not entitled to put the letters FRSL after their names, the Society has associations with the idea of a literary Establishment. I was glad to find when I visited their elegant (but rented) rooms in Hyde Park Gardens that if this is the literary Establishment, then it is of a benign and open-minded character.

The Royal Society of Literature was founded in 1823, and chartered in 1825 with the expressed object "to unite and extend the general interests of Literature; to reward Literary Merit by Patronage; to excite Literary Talent by Premiums; and to promote Literary Exhibitions at the Universities and Public Schools, in case of distinguished desert". It is indicative of the esteem in which literature as a whole is held in this country that the Society has almost no funds with which to pursue these intentions.

The present patronage exercised by the Society is limited to the presentation of two annual prizes under the Heinemann and Winifred Holtby bequests, the occasional award of the A. C. Benson Silver Medal, and the publication of *Essays by Divers Hands*, a selection from the Society's regular lectures. (Volume XLII, New Series, edited by Michael Holroyd, was reviewed in the TLS on February 11.) There are no scholarships at universities or public schools.

The chief excitement to literary talent extended by the Society is a Fellowship of the Society itself. (There is also an ordinary membership, limited to 300, and since 1961 there has been the higher honour of Companion of Literature.) Thus an Establishment pattern emerges. Direct application for a Fellowship is of course impossible (even, unthinkable); candidates must be sponsored by two Fellows, and even then it is by no means certain that the fifteen or so members of the Society's Council will agree to confer the honour. Candidates must have published "books of a high literary standard" - the plural places an emphasis on quantity as well as quality. There are at present some 400 Fellows, and it is the subscription of £15 a year and the fruits of accumulated legacies that finance the Society. This is a very British society, proud of its royal patronage, and equally proud of its independence from all government support.

Who then has met the Society's own standards? In the nineteenth century it is true that the Society was dominated by the Church and the aristocracy; neither Dickens nor Thackeray was a Fellow - but from the beginning of this century practising writers have had an important say in the Society's affairs. Names like Shaw, Galsworthy and Conrad began to figure in the Society's lists. Today the Fellowship divides between a third poets and novelists, a third historians and a third critics and academics.

The election of Sir Angus Wilson as President underlines the Society's commitment to "literature" as opposed to literary antiquarianism. On his election Sir Angus stressed that he hoped the Society "will be in touch with things as they are now", and he was particularly pleased that the Society's two awards should go to a West Indian, Derek Walcott, and a Japanese, Kazuo Ishiguro. The canon of literature in the eyes of the Society is defined by the Society's own membership, its most recent elections are therefore significant, among them, Humphrey Carpenter, Rose Tremeyne, James Fenton, A. N. Wilson (who is now on the Society's Council), Clive Sinclair, and Salman Rushdie. It is indicative of the co-optive nature of the British literary intelligentsia that they should so honour their juniors - and that their juniors should be happy to accept.

to the editor

E. H. Carr as Historian

Sir, - No doubt the decision of Leopold Labedz (June 10) and of Norman Stone (*London Review of Books*, January 20) to launch their massive attacks on E. H. Carr not, let us say, on the completion of his *magnum opus* in 1978 but now, when he has just died, can be seen as a back-handed compliment to that remarkable man. But as a result, the scholarly community has been deprived of the chance to see how Carr would have responded to this challenge. After all, it was Isaiah Berlin's critique of Carr's *What is History?* (1961) which set in motion an exchange exemplary in its panache, its humour and its ultimate seriousness. Even though the one man defended the liberal tradition and the other chafed against it, the debate conducted by them both represents in this present case, the timing and still more the tone (of which the less said the better) are all but inexplicable. The adage, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is not suitable to the contemporary age, but this hardly means that it should henceforth be applied in exact reverse.

JONATHAN FRANKEL.

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Sir, - To enter into a discussion on Trotsky's "Thermidor Thesis" would be futile. But can Leopold Labedz, in his review (June 10) of E. H. Carr's *The Twilight of Communism*, seriously maintain that the publication of one letter of Trotsky to Radek would have "undermined" "the whole ideological edifice of his [Trotsky's] biography"? The whole ideological edifice? May I suggest that Labedz gets better acquainted with the evolution and frequent revisions of Trotsky's conception of Thermidor? He could look up Volume 2 and Volume 3 of Deutscher's biography of Trotsky where nearly fifty pages are devoted to this subject.

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We regret that, in Alec Nove's letter in last week's issue, the sentence beginning "Progress" he did believe in... was wrongly printed as "Progress" he did not believe in...

Epitaphs

Sir,

When you go home, Tell them of us and say: For your tomorrow We gave our today.

A recently published book about the Fourteenth Army alleges that the famous epitaph to the fallen of 2 Division at Kohima was written by Leonidas, King of Sparta. Perhaps I may be given this opportunity to clear up the question of the origin of these lines, which commemorate one of Britain's decisive victories in the Second World War?

Major-General J. M. L. Grover, who commanded 2 Division, wrote in *Despatch*, the journal of the Burma Star Association, in April 1969, that the epitaph was composed by Major John Ely, a 2nd Division GSO II, and that his inspiration was probably an epitaph written during the First World War by J. M. Edmonds.

To this I can add the following. On July 4, 1918 the TLS published a letter from Edmonds which contained four "suggested epitaphs", one of which, "for a British graveyard in France", ran thus:

When you go home, tell them of us, and say: For your to-morrow these gave the to-day.

The idea that there is some kinship between the Kohima Epitaph and Leonidas is not, however, without foundation. John Maxwell Edmonds (1875-1958) was a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and a Greek scholar who published a number of translations of ancient Greek poetry,

including epitaphs. In a letter to his friend Sydney Cockerell, the typographer, dated March 11, 1950, Edmonds wrote, referring to the period when he composed his "suggested epitaphs": "I was editing Simonides and Co. - about that time, and their spirit, I hope, is in my work." Simonides of Ceos is who wrote the under Leonidas who held the pass of Thermopylae against the Persians in 480 BC - the epitaph of which, in one translation into English, runs:

Tell it in Sparta, thou that passest by: Here, faithful to their charge, the soldiers lie.

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Little Sparta

Sir, - In the article I wrote (April 10) on the garden and garden temple at Little Sparta, Leamington, I set out in the clearest form possible a situation which is deplorable both in its nature and its implications for the artist versus bureaucracy. I ended with specific questions addressed to the Scottish Arts Council and to Scottish writers in general. Between them they were asked to scrape up not even one sentence in response of justification. Nor, indeed, do they seek to refute the case I made, since it was accurate in all particulars.

This raises various questions. What is a culture when artists with shared values and objectives are unwilling to defend one another and support one another in such circumstances? What is the position of an Arts Council which remains silent during a major crisis of this kind and, when taxed with its silence, persists in it?

Since I wrote my piece, other obvious recourses have been tried. Mr Finlay's MP, Dame Judith has suggested that we write to the Lord Advocate. He referred us to the Sheriff Principal whose job it is to discipline sheriffs. We received from the Sheriff Principal a derisory reply and, latterly, no reply at all from the Lord Advocate or from Dame Judith. She has been otherwise occupied no doubt, and we still have hope in that quarter.

There appears to be no dispute of the fact that the sheriff cannot remove property not belonging to the estate in lieu of payment of debts. Mr Finlay has proven his ownership and has been given documents of proof which are available to the sheriff officer. He has been invited to view them and has refused. The law being flouted, the Sheriff cannot intervene. One ought not to have to go on one's knees to the Scottish Arts Council, the local authority, or anyone else, in order to get them to observe the law. One ought not to have to employ solicitors for the simplest of social dealings. Clearly something has gone wrong and it can only be resolved by the intervention of individuals of good will. Are there any such in that area of the world?

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'A Month in the Country'

Sir, - Writing about *A Month in the Country* (Commentary, May 13) Elizabeth Winter states that "although fluent in French and German, Turgenyev never attempted to write in any language other than Russian".

Not so. Turgenyev did write at least one little play in French, in honour of his old friend Pauline Viardot. The play, called *Le Nui à l'ombrelle*, was discovered only in 1960, and appeared in the 1960s volume of the *Literary Heritage* (Literary Museum, Nadelshof, Hermitage, Moscow, 1964). It is included in the part of this volume called "From the Parisian archive of I. S. Turgenyev".

ROM HARRE.

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Studying the Human Mind

Sir, - Gratifying though it is to be singled out for criticism in Stuart Sutherland's review (June 17) of Jonathan Miller's *States of Mind* it is disappointing that the champion of the old guard should have produced so feeble an offering. To claim that one's opponent has not said anything relevant is one of the necessity of working on a rational objection to what has been said. This is the well-known strategy of the Paduans when offered a peep through Galileo's telescope. To set the record straight:

To the assertion that ethogenic social theory is vacuous one can only reply by restating briefly its two basic principles to allow the reader to judge whether or not they lack content. The first principle is that human social relations are created and maintained mainly by speech; the second that the predominant motivation of social interactions is the maintenance of reputation and its subjective counterpart, self-respect. A methodological consequence of provisionally accepting these leading principles is that social psychological research should, at least for the moment, turn to micro-sociology and socio- and psycholinguistics for its main research methods.

Sutherland's second unsubstantiated claim was that Miller's question about the scientific status of the above "new paradigm" was not answered. But, consultation of the text will show that it was answered at length by reference to a sketch of the most recent views of philosophers as to the main features of those disciplines we call sciences. Again briefly to recapitulate: I reiterate the main points of my reply since they are at the heart of the critique of the claim of much contemporary psychology to the status of a science. An enterprise might reasonably be called scientific if it takes up the essential form of those studies such as physics and chemistry, which we unhesitatingly recognize as paradigms. What differentiates such studies from natural history is a concern with theory. In practice this concern appears as a dialectic between the refinement of explanatory concepts and the power of those concepts to pick out repeatable patterns in whatever might be the field of interest. Experiments tell us how good our conceptual work has been. Far from being "vacuous", to quote our "scientific" Sutherland, my proposals for building explanatory theories for social psychology were quite precise.

They involved the statement and testing of hypotheses, the construction of a hierarchy of models (analogues of the imperfectly understood events that make up a social world. This is the familiar method of the physical sciences, repeated with success many times over. Models, as Clerk Maxwell emphasized, provide the necessary control of concepts to ensure that our theories are "consistent representations" of our subject matter.

I would be prepared to argue that the kind of experimental psychology that has been inspired particularly by recent American examples is scientific neither in its recourse to theory nor in its empirical "honesty", judged by the standards of the physical sciences. It is not unexpected to find the old guard championing the vested interests in the person of Professor Sutherland, but a person ought to be better informed about the views he undertakes to criticize. I have concentrated in this reply on that part of the review in which was the target, but the tone of most of the rest of it suggests that Sutherland is just out of touch with the way matters have moved both in psychology of science and in much of the philosophy of science.

The merit of Miller's collection is above all that it does not too badly, the growing consensus of views on the human mind that exists outside the inbred confines of much academic psychology.

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'The Waste Land'

Sir, - The latest Chesterton biography, *Alzina Stone Dale's The Outline of Sanity*, reviewed by Hugh Kenner (June 3), does seem to be rather unfortunate. On the other hand, when a critic kills in this catlike way, he has to be on very sure ground. Otherwise we sympathize too much with the mouse.

Kenner takes exception to the claim that *The Waste Land* became a Bible for the disenchanted younger intellectuals who grew up in the 1920s, commenting: "As late as 1931, E. R. Leavis felt required to make the case for its being as much as a poem." True in a sense. But in 1931 Leavis was making out all sorts of cases. A typical spokesman for that generation like Louis MacNeice, however, didn't have to wait till 1931 and Leavis. In a well-known symposium on Eliot in 1948, MacNeice, looking back on his adolescent years in the mid-1920s, called *The Waste Land* "the poem... which most altered our conception of poetry and, I think one can add, of life." He found it almost impossible to describe the impact of the literary allusions, the cosmopolitan world, and the anthropological symbolism, and was forced to explain it "by some such hypothesis as Jung's archetypal myths". Nor did the effect wear off: "... that the total complex of mood-and-meaning remains for me now, for all its enrichment by experience and study, qualitatively the same as it was then, strikes me as astonishing."

Elsewhere, describing himself at twenty-one (i.e. in 1928), he said that *The Waste Land* hit him "in the way a person hits one". That, surely, is what a Bible is supposed to do?

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'The Turkish Spy'

Sir, - Gwyn A. Williams, in an article entitled "Prince Madoc and The Turkish Spy" (December 24, 1982), puts forward his conclusion on the authorship of the huge epistolary novel best known to English readers as *Letters Written by a Turkish Spy*, etc. The Madoc material is extremely interesting. Also, any new British archival evidence might well prove vital to our understanding of the compilation of this extremely complex text.

May I offer readers rather more information about the authorship of *The Turkish Spy*, based on the results of research in Eastern and Western Europe and elsewhere over roughly the past fifteen years?

1. The basic text for the examination of Giovanni Paolo Marana's involvement in *The Turkish Spy* is not the original English edition but Barbin in 1684, and those which shortly followed it, but Marana's original manuscript, in Italian, discovered in the Bibliothèque Nationale (Paris).

This vital and fascinating document includes Letters 1-63 and contains the Italian original of a volume hitherto thought only to exist in the French translation. The manuscript differs significantly from the Barbin text which, for instance, tones down the acerbic comments on the Genoese and Genoese politics which could not have been exposed to the reading public by the censor. This manuscript may have been that which Marana prepared for the press or that presented to Louis XIV as part of the extensive collection of oriental material that he made. It is the latter view which I am inclined to the beauty of the script and the extreme care shown in its presentation; also it is politically more open.

2. There are good grounds for believing that the manuscript of many more letters also survives in the

Archives of the Bibliothèque Nationale, but it has been lost. However, the authorship of Marana up to and including Letter 101 (Volume 3) is a certainty, since he got into trouble with the censor and the documentation survives.

3. We know a considerable amount about the way in which Marana approached his work. There survives in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal (Paris) a part of the private papers of Pidou de St Olon, a former French emissary to Genoa, the friend and protector of Marana, and his first translator. Among this correspondence is a copy of a lengthy letter addressed to Marana, and in which St Olon goes into the details of his translation. He also makes comments on the structure that Marana is giving to his work, makes a few suggestions for improvements, and gives some critical comments on the oriental material. With this letter is a lengthy reply from Marana, he deals with some of the comments, but makes a vigorous defence of his method on the grounds that he had been given guidance and direct personal encouragement by Louis XIV, and that therefore he is fulfilling the royal command.

This important document also reveals Marana's wish for a pension, and shows that he formed a part of the large group of artists, historians, men of letters and others engaged on that huge project *L'Histoire du Roi*.

Marana's interpretation of the reign of Louis XIV is vital for understanding the overall pattern and inner meaning of *L'Esploratore*. His method was to choose a number of basic sources from which, much in the style of dramatists of the period, he could construct a "canvase". For French and Imperial affairs, he principally used Scipion Dupleix and the *Ordinaires* and *Extraordinaires* of the Gazette. This information was interwoven with historical and anecdotal material drawn from other literary sources, oral report and manuscripts. To all this novelistic inventions were added, but the overall purpose of the work was to be a panegyric of Louis XIV, and the expression of a mythology of the reign. In accordance with the symbolism and propaganda of the period, the great hero of the first part of the work is not Louis XIII, but Henry IV, and here Hardouin de Perrière was Marana's principal mine. Throughout all the volumes these methods and aims remain generally unchanged.

Since we are certain of the authorship of the first 101 letters, might there be any grounds for believing that Marana could be either the author of the rest of *L'Esploratore* or at least the guiding hand behind the whole? The Preface *Al Lettore* of the manuscript announces that the finished work will contain 500 letters and perhaps more ("Cinquante o più lettere"). This roughly corresponds to the length of the completed volumes, leaving aside the *Continuation*.

The method of composition which, as has been shown, is not that of a hack publication, remains largely the same from start to finish, whereas a much easier method could have been chosen as was done by Defoe in his additions.

Since we know that Marana wrote at least 101 letters, why should he not have carried on, since progress would have become easier once his structure and method had been established? Furthermore, he had the powerful inducement of royal encouragement, and the pension that came with it - all the more powerful for one in a strained financial circumstances. Also, the evidence of successive English editions is confusing, since as the years went by the text underwent some alteration. The order of parts of letters is sometimes changed, there are additions made by the editors/ translators and fresh incidents inserted. In Guido Almansi's view this was done in an attempt to make *The Spy* more interesting to English readers. In the earliest editions there is little information about England or Britain in general, and what there is, is almost wholly uninteresting. What is more sensible than to offer the English-speaking reader some further views of Mafmut on his society? This problem became more urgent as the content of the novel became less and

less relevant to European politics with the passage of the years. For example, the symbolic portrait of the Spy underwent considerable change and largely lost its inner meaning.

Furthermore, Paris is resolutely kept as the intellectual centre of the work throughout, and the original dating scheme announced in the first volume was always adhered to, although nothing would have been easier than to change both.

We know that the aim of the work was to form part of *L'Histoire du Roi* and this aim is maintained throughout all the volumes. Also, throughout, the manipulation of opinions remained hesitant. For instance, no English writer would have needed to be pussy-footed about the Jesuits or other religious orders. Marana has to keep on contradicting himself in order to avoid censorship and persecution on the grounds of religious unorthodoxy.

Jan Lavicka of the University of Prague has been studying the Eastern European and Turco-Hungarian material in *The Spy*. He believes that at least part of the correspondence is a genuine one which may have been deployed by Marana. Also, Lavicka's analysis of the Eastern European material reveals how extremely well informed the author was, and again shows the use of sources not available in England. Once more we are far away from the Grub Street world of Bradshaw and Midgeley. To suppose that an English-speaking author, working in London, would have been able to deploy such a quantity of research material seems highly implausible.

There is absolutely no proof that Marana retired in melancholy in 1689. There is plenty of evidence, however, to show that he was at work on a perky and humorous description of Parisian life around 1691-92. I know of no proof that he died in Venice in 1693. True, he lost his pension in 1691 as a result of the cutbacks in patronage, and he disappears from view after 1692. I incline to think possibly true the rumour that he was assassinated.

Last, the Madoc material is by no means the only Celtic reference in *L'Esploratore*, and there is a striking one in the first volume of the manuscript (see *Studi Seicenteschi*, 1969, p.205). The principal source is Livy, Book 5, 34.

The distinguished editor of Tacitus, the late Guy Chilver, assured me that the material that Marana deploys is inaccurate, but added that what was interesting was not the accuracy, but the revelation of the state of knowledge of the subject in the late seventeenth century. His observation reveals much of the importance of *L'Esploratore* for the intellectual history of Europe.

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Keynes College, The University, Canterbury, Kent.

Humphrey Jennings

Sir, - In his review (June 10) of Anthony W. Hodgkinson and Rodney E. Sheratsky's book *Humphrey Jennings*, Arthur Marwick says about *Spare Time* that "even this eighteenth-minute documentary may not establish Jennings as an auteur since there are grounds for attributing much that was innovative about the film to its editor, Stewart McAllister." The point is a good one, but misplaced. Stewart McAllister is unlikely to have edited *Spare Time*, which is in any case not edited in a particularly striking way. McAllister did, however, edit many of Jennings's other films, and shared the directing credit with Jennings on the most famous of all, *Listen to Britain*. What McAllister did and didn't do is the subject of a forthcoming book by Dan Vaughan, entitled *Portrait of an Invisible Man: the working life of Stewart McAllister, film editor*, to be published by BFI Publishing this autumn.

JEFFREY NOWELL-SMITH.

British Film Institute, 81 Dean Street, London W1.

Preserving Facsimiles

Sir, - The Birmingham Shakespeare Library here owns a copy of the 1617 *Famous Victories of Henry the fifth* (London. Printed by Bernard Alsop, reproduced in facsimile by J. O. Halliwell (Philippus) c.1857. A note by him attributed to 1858 states "The negatives are destroyed and only ten perfect copies are preserved." Jaggard lists only one other copy of this book in the Library of Warwick Castle (now dispersed) and also notes that some of the pages are now illegible. The text of our copy is indeed slowly vanishing and it appears nothing can be done to preserve it. I should like to inquire from your readers whether anyone knows of the whereabouts of another copy - either in public or private hands - and, if so, what condition the text is in now and whether any measures have been taken to preserve it.

B. H. BAUMFIELD.

City of Birmingham, Public Libraries Department, Reference Library, Birmingham.

'Choreia'

Sir, - I am greatly surprised to find Richard Stoneman, in reviewing William Mullen's *Choreia: Pindar and Dances* (June 10), approving the author's "careful demonstration that a statistically significant proportion of the crucial events of the mythic narratives, as well as moral and religious... statements, receive extra emphasis from occurring in the epode, when the chorus was standing still".

HUGH LLOYD-JONES.

Christ Church, Oxford.

'The Hunt by Night'

Sir, - Mary Fitzgerald's letter of support (June 17) for *The Hunt by Night* - the poems, not alas the painting rests on poor foundations. I'm neither a fan nor an anti-fan of her poet; I only know that she mangled some poems I care about. I wouldn't even have known, if one of the translators of *Poems 1913-1956* had not asked me to take this up. I am not "the translator of the passages" in question, only of a small part of them; as I thought my letter made quite plain. I gave page references so that readers could check for themselves, rather than just accept my opinion of the restatements and unpoetical, but the poet could have avoided it if he had had the imagination to acknowledge his sources, which in this case are not dead pages but living *conférences* who have been crazy and devoted enough to do very difficult work so that a great writer may be represented properly.

What surprises me is that in a whole column of prose Mary Fitzgerald cannot put up any critical defence of what her poet did with the material. He made "distinguished use" of it; that's all. Does she not realize what a desperate term of approval this is?

JOHN WILLET.

Volta House, Windmill Hill, London NW3.

André Gide

Sir, - As the publisher of the *Selected Letters of André Gide* and *Dorothy Bussy* I was delighted to read Patrick Pollard's sympathetic review in your issue of June 10. However, I must point out that although our selection was edited, and Gide's letters translated, by Richard Tedeschi, the Introduction was written by Jean Lambert, as the jacket, title-page, and Introduction itself proclaim.

Jean Lambert prepared the French edition of the letters, and the remarks which Patrick Pollard attributes to "the editor" in the course of his review were written by him for the introduction in this selection.

J

Advancing south-eastwards

George Holmes

MICHAEL J. BENNETT

Community, Class and Careerism: Cheshire and Lancashire society in the age of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight
286pp. Cambridge University Press.
£38.50.
0 521 24744 6

County history has been a fashionable activity of Tudor and Stuart historians for some time and has even nurtured a "provincial" interpretation of the Civil War. Historians of the preceding period have fought shy of it, deterred no doubt by the greater difficulty of the sources. But there is a lot of this difficult material waiting to be exploited and researchers are beginning to be attracted to it. With the publication of Michael J. Bennett's book, on the heels of Nigel Saul's study of the Gloucestershire gentry, late medieval provincial history seems at last to be taking off.

Mr Bennett's province is not a county. He defines as "the Northwest" the lowlands of Cheshire and South Lancashire enclosed by uplands, from the Welsh hills round to the Lake District. The coherence of his subject, defended in terms of social history, is assisted by the linked political destinies of the two palatinates of Chester and Lancaster in the reigns of Richard II and Henry IV at the heart of his period. The ruling class of his area is helpfully symbolized in two gatherings of the early fifteenth century. In 1412, sixty Cheshire knights and gentry met at Macclesfield to witness the settlement of a property dispute between two of their number, Sir Robert Grosvenor and Robert Legh. In 1414, a similar group of thirty-eight are recorded as attending the election of knights of the shire at Lancaster.

These groups represented substantial proportions of the county communities, the major lineages of the

gentry who intermarried, quarrelled and held most of the land in the North-West. This was a gentry province *par excellence*; without dominant magnates – unlike say Warwickshire or Sussex – and without very great ecclesiastical foundations. In Chester the king had replaced the earl; in Lancashire the duke held little land in demesne. Three-quarters of the manors were held by resident gentry, leaving only a quarter to king, church and nobility. The Stanley family, whose rise to pre-eminence changed the political structure of Lancashire later in the fifteenth century, was descended from a Cheshire soldier of fortune of the late fourteenth century.

The paradox which emerges from Bennett's book is that the offspring of this remote, poor and inbred society – dispensations for consanguineous marriage were exceptionally common – were so successful in exploiting the opportunities for profit and advancement offered to them by the great institutions of South-Eastern England. Bennett devotes a large, and in many ways the most original, part of his book to the fortunes of North-Westerners abroad. He gives us not only a picture of a region but also a study of social mobility and social promotion in late medieval society. Some penetration of North-Westerners into the London trades and aldermanic class can be observed in the first half of the fifteenth century. But their exploitation of the Church was more striking. The biggest success story was that of Robert Hallum, rising from a modest background in the borough of Warrington, through Oxford canon law to the see of Salisbury where he introduced the first of the new Westerners to canopies between 1408 and 1416. The bureaucracies of the Black Prince and John of Gaunt also provided ladders of advancement for clerks. It is impossible to quantify the results of the case-studies of many lesser men supplied by Bennett but it looks as though there was a considerable net export of talent to lucrative benefices and offices outside the North-West.

The success of the North-Westerners as soldiers is not altogether news; the Cheshire archers of the Black Prince and Richard II are well known. Readers are less likely to be aware that famous captains like Sir Robert Knolles and Sir Hugh Calveley, who made famous fortunes, also came from this part of the world. More important, Bennett reminds us that for long periods in the reigns of Edward III, Richard II and Henry V many hundreds of humble men from Cheshire and Lancashire were drawing the king's wages and coming home richer. He makes a good case for the view that the importance of the region as a recruiting ground produced an inflow of money. Regional study is the key to the old problem of the social and economic effects of the Hundred Years War. The North-West, economically poor, rich in potential soldiers, was a frontier area which did well out of the war by selling its manpower for the proceeds of taxation in the soft South-East.

Bennett's book illustrates the limitations of regional history too. His area lacks the estate records produced by great corporations, so his economic history is sketchy. Above all there is the pervasive problem of giving flesh and blood to the dry bones of men known only from perfunctory entries in the records. He has tried to give a touch of romantic life to his subject by using *Sir Gawain*, written in the dialect of this region, in his subtitle and by postulating an origin for it among the Cheshire servants of Richard II. This is speculation. The connection between that sophisticated and ironical poem and the society which he describes remains in fact as obscure as it was before. The whole, flourishing North-Western school of alliterative poetry is obstinately detached from the soil where its roots ought to be traceable. It is very difficult to bring fourteenth-century regional society to life. Within the inevitable limitations, however, Bennett has written an enterprising and painstaking book which makes the outlines of medieval English society clearer.



A woodcut reproduced from a copy of the first English edition of Conrad Gesner's *The Newe Jewell of Health* which was offered for sale at Sotheby's Book and Manuscript Department on June 30.

Probing the parchment

M. T. Clanchy

G. O. SAYLES

Scripta Diversa

371pp. Hambledon Press,
35 Gloucester Avenue, London,
NW1 6ZJ.
0 907628 12 5

Medievalists studying in the Public Record Office will be familiar with categories of documents described as "Miscellaneous" of the Chancery or of the Exchequer: assortments of parchments bundled together by some archivist of an earlier century after a bag had burst in the Westminster Chapter House or a rat had gnawed through a file at the Tower of London. The diversity and incompleteness of such documents adds to their interest, for here the researcher may pull out a plum or at least learn something new. Over a lifetime of scholarship G. O. Sayles has spent many productive hours in the Public Record Office and in *Scripta Diversa* he has put together his own bundle of "Miscellaneous" comprising photographic reprints of articles published between 1928 and 1981 together with an introductory essay entitled "Clio's Web".

In this Professor Sayles argues that history is as much a "science" as the natural sciences, although it is not "experimental" like chemistry but "observational" or "descriptive" like geology. The phenomena which the historian observes and describes are the written records of man's past. He must therefore go back constantly to the sources and master the technical problems which they present: in this medievalist's case this means understanding palaeography, diplomatic and sigillography. Unlike the bound professors who go going to archives once their reputation is established, Sayles has always found time for the minutiae of medieval parchments. "To read documents that have not been read, much less studied, since they were written six hundred years or more ago has always had for me an irresistible fascination", he explains in his foreword.

The twenty-four reprinted articles share a uniformity of method rather than theme. Sayles likes to take a point of detail and publish a hitherto unknown document about it. In many cases both the document and his comments are brief. An exception, not being medieval and in covering fifty-four printed pages, is a lively description of the Irish parliament in 1782 which Sayles discovered in the Huntington Library. This combines his interests in parliamentary history and the English ascendancy in Ireland. Seven of the other articles likewise concern Ireland, mainly in the fourteenth century. Among these is the "characteristically aristocratic suggestion" that the *Medieval Tenend Parliamentum* ("How to Hold Parliament") was produced for Richard II's reign and not in England in Edward I's.

The collection of articles as a whole leaves an impression of work in progress. They have not been consistently revised and some are fragmentary in the first place. A facsimile of part of the treaty of Pipin, made with Liwywlyn in 1265, is printed with no explanation whatsoever. Among the briefest articles are two concerning Scotland: a dubious charter of Alexander II and a letter from a bishop of Glasgow cited in a plea roll of the King's Bench. The rest of Sayles's interest in English law and government in the later Middle Ages. There are three articles on Richard II, for example, and the recent find of an unusually early law reading in English, a fragment of a commentary on *Magna Carta* dating from c. 1450.

Although Sayles was brought up in Scotland and spent his academic years in Glasgow, Belfast and Aberdeen, the noblest prospect he ever sees is the high road that leads him to England, to the Public Record Office and to the history of English law. "We are proud and rightly proud", he tells the *Selden Society* in 1959, "when we recall what the common law of England has meant not only to us here but to our fellow-citizens of the Commonwealth and the United States." This observation goes beyond "descriptive science" and reveals Sayles's preferences: for the English rather than the Scots (who are indifferent to the common law) or the Irish (whom Anglo-Norman law refused to protect).

His inaugural lecture in Aberdeen in 1953 engages in some English historians' in-fighting by castigating that eminent Victorian, Bishop Stubbs. Even if an English bishop and the Oxford professor under attack, the root cause of Stubbs's decline has not been Sayles but a long-term change of fashion. In 1924, before Sayles left, he published his first article on "The Household of the Chancery", *Elton Power's Medieval People* was arguing for what he called the "new history". This was to be concerned with Europe rather than England, culture rather than institutions, and peasants rather than lords.

On this divide Sayles stands as much for the "old history" as Stubbs did. Both take the superiority of English institutions for granted and see their development to be of paramount historical significance. The *Burckhardt's Civilization of Italy or Block's Feudal Society*, Stubbs's *Constitutional History of England* is a *tour de force* with the obvious flaw of all grand conceptions: in historical writing, Sayles cannot replace Stubbs because he is not inclined to system-build. He belongs rather to a longer tradition of specialists in England's records stretching back through Madoc and Prynn to Arthur Ayr, who (as Sayles reminds us in this book) began studying the medieval plea rolls before the Spanish Armada.

OWEN GILL and BARBARA JACKSON

Adoption and Race: Black, Asian and mixed race children in white families
151pp. Batsford/St Martin's Press, in association with British Agencies for Adoption and Fostering. Paperback, £6.95.
0312 00495 8

After the British gave up their colonies in Africa they started to take their ideas about racial relations from the United States. Though the continuing immigration from the New Commonwealth made the transatlantic parallels seem closer, this was scarcely the main influence. The mounting discontent of Afro-Americans that lay behind the 1965 explosion in Watts and the riots of 1967 found its slogan in "Black Power" and generated a multitude of organizations aiming to foster black consciousness. While that movement spread round the world, "consciousness-raising" projects were adopted by women's groups, "gays", and other minorities out to improve their standing. This would have affected British perceptions of people of South Asian, African and West Indian origin whatever their numbers.

After the Second World War it was the general practice in Britain and the United States to refer to people of ultimately African or Asian origin as "coloured". In Britain this was the more accurate description since many of those so designated were of light-brown complexion, but in both Britain and the United States this adjective was preferred because "black" seemed harsh and insulting. "Coloured" could therefore be a euphemism which accepted the assumption that the darker the complexion the greater the misfortune. When Afro-Americans adopted "black" as a self-designation it was as an insult and challenged the assumption that one shade of skin colour was better than another. The polarization of the black-white distinction enabled blacks to exploit the uncertainties of whites who felt guilty about racial inequality and, since it increased the sense of a potential threat to white society, it gave black representatives greater bargaining power.

The change in nomenclature did not affect the mode of racial classification in the United States, but the adoption of the new descriptions in the different circumstances of British society had much more extensive implications which have not hitherto attracted the attention they merit. One of the commonplaces of the study of racial relations is the contrast between the pattern described for the Deep South in the United States and that for northern Britain. The American model assumed that their kind of classification is the natural one and the Oxford professor under attack, the root cause of Stubbs's decline has not been Sayles but a long-term change of fashion. In 1924, before Sayles left, he published his first article on "The Household of the Chancery", *Elton Power's Medieval People* was arguing for what he called the "new history". This was to be concerned with Europe rather than England, culture rather than institutions, and peasants rather than lords.

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relative standing within a category, but no number of points, high or low, can counteract the criterion of physical appearance in assigning a person to a racial category.

The first mode of appraisal is the more complex because it is to be systematic the rules for the scoring of points must be ascertainable. It must be possible to discover the number of dimensions on which claims to difference are scored, and the weighting given to that dimension relative to the others. Sometimes wealth is more important than education; sometimes skin colour counts for little by comparison with occupation, but not always. Yet so long as a low score for colour can be counterbalanced by high scores on other criteria, the society in question can be said to employ the first mode.

Britain in the early 1950s employed the first mode. White people were well aware that some of the coloured people they saw about town were of great importance in their home countries and that their goodwill was of value to Britain and the maintenance of the Commonwealth. The riches of Indian maharajahs were legendary. Three Indians had been Members of Parliament, Indians and West Indians had gained fame as cricketers. Several times I heard it remarked that the Aga Khan would never experience colour prejudice and I am sure that many white people at that time would never have doubted that there were quite a few coloured people in London of distinctly higher status than themselves. There was a continuous scale of status, one component of which was skin colour; the weighting attached to colour was quite high for many relationships, especially marriage, and could at times oppose "whiteness" to "colouredness", but it was not an either/or mode of assignment like that across the Atlantic. African seamen in the dockland areas were at the bottom of the social pile but discrimination against them derived from considerations of class as well as complexion.

The assertion that all coloured people were to be accounted black was therefore an attempt to break a continuum and divide it into two polarized categories. It happened the more easily because the increase in immigration from the West Indies, starting in 1955, had identified a dark skin colour with a low position in the class structure more firmly than before. Up to 1961 Asian immigration was at a much lower level than that from the Caribbean and Asians attracted less attention. In the crucial years 1965-68 West Indians and Africans were more prominent than Asians in anti-racist activities and organizations. This was a period when the American influence was particularly strong. Following upon a visit to London by Malcolm X, a Trinidadian called Michael de Freitas declared himself a Muslim and adopted the name Michael X. In January 1965 he founded the Racial Adjustment Action Society, which declared as the first of its aims "to unify all coloured persons in the United Kingdom". Throughout its constitution it referred to "coloured people", though in a pamphlet *What is RAAAS?*, printed shortly afterwards, can be found the words "We are the only militant black organisation in Britain". It was not necessary to state explicitly whether Asians were to be considered black. The first unambiguous statement to this effect that I remember was contained in the address on "Immigrant Organizations" delivered to the 1968 Institute of Race Relations conference by Professor Michael Dummett; this address represented the British population as divided into white people and black people.

For many minority people in Britain today it is a matter of great importance that they should call themselves black and so called. This can easily be understood, as can the readiness of many white people to meet their wishes. The change in terminology in the United States was associated with a movement to improve the status of oppressed minority and a similar change in Britain was a means of challenging white prejudices. Yet though it is preferable to use

designations acceptable to the problem to whom they are applied, the problem of nomenclature cannot be resolved by the techniques of the pollster. Preferences change, and a description that appeals to one generation may be rejected by the next. More fundamentally, it is necessary to question whether a classification of individuals, though appropriate in one sort of situation, is suitable for use in some other sort of situation. For when people are described as black or white this evokes ideas of expected or appropriate behaviour. It polarizes relations. Terminology may reflect a social structure but it also influences behaviour and it can add its contribution to the clutch of factors limiting the range of options open to individuals. There are circumstances in which the polarization of group relations can assist their future development by overcoming majority prejudices, and other circumstances in which polarization only reinforces it. What should have been discussed long ago is whether the overcoming of racial prejudice (which must usually mean the overcoming of white prejudices) is assisted more by describing all non-whites as black, or whether it is better to use a multiplicity of designations which recognizes diversity and increases people's freedom of choice.

Just as, after 1965, the idiom of blackness crossed the Atlantic, so there was a change in the way the words racism and race were used. Prior to this time racism was defined in the dictionaries and textbooks as a doctrine or dogma asserting a connection between race (or physical characteristics) and moral or intellectual capacities as revealed in human cultures. By the end of the 1960s it was being used to denote a historical complex which comprehended attitudes, behaviour, shared beliefs and tacit assumptions. Prior to the mid-1960s liberals were busy trying to demonstrate that the pre-war racial doctrines were not only pernicious, not irrelevant to social policy, but also everyting to do with race was a ghastly mistake best banished to the museum of awful warnings. Some Afro-Americans had never been so sensitive to this issue and in an era of "black pride" it became respectable to contemplate racial pride as well.

The impact upon British linguistic practice of changes originating in the United States has now been illustrated in a modest and worthy study of transracial adoption in Britain, *Adoption and Race: Black, Asian and mixed race children in white families*. It may seem incongruous to relate a discussion of such general issues to an inquiry into the reactions of just forty-four children, but it is often in the social microcosm that the significance of large-scale changes can best be seen. Individual welfare is, in the end, the best standard against which to test the evidence.

The American influence is apparent from the book's opening pages, where the authors review previous research into, and criticism of, transracial adoption, but the criticism is only of the adoption of Afro-American babies by white couples. The British study is of thirty-six coloured children adopted in the mid-1960s mostly by middle-class parents living in middle-class areas away from the more concentrated New Commonwealth settlements; plus eight coloured children adopted by couples in which at least one adoptive parent could be counted as "coloured". The authors prefer to describe all non-white people as black "because it signifies the dignity of the black community". Referring to the policies adopted by the adoptive parents, they write that "in all of the families no emphasis was placed on the child's cultural or racial origins". The idea that children have cultural origins should not pass unnoticed. It was echoed in a feature article on the subject in *The Guardian* for January 26, this year in which the person in charge of a South London adoption project was quoted as stressing "the right of every child to grow up in a family of similar racial and cultural origins". Not so long ago any suggestion that there was a white culture which was the special property of white people would have been stigmatized as racist.

British social scientists have constantly to refer to the findings of their United States colleagues, for they have been the pioneers in so many fields. But there are many distinctive minorities in the United States and it is important to select the most appropriate comparisons. New Commonwealth people in Britain are distinguished from the majority by their appearance, by – in varying degrees – cultural features like language and religion, and by the important consideration that they are nearly all first or second-generation settlers. Which minorities in the United States correspond most closely to them? Surely, it is the Hispanic-Americans, particularly the Puerto Ricans, since they are also in the main recent immigrants from Third World countries with lower levels of occupational skill. West Indian settlers in London have been illuminatingly compared with West Indian settlers in New York but the comparison only points up some of the differences between the West Indians and Afro-Americans. Afro-Caribbeans in Britain, like Afro-Americans, have to contend with similar prejudices on the part of whites, but Afro-Americans have been in the United States for much longer than most of that country's other ethnic groups. To call children of Asian or "mixed race" origin in Britain "black" and to assume that the appropriate group with which to compare them is the Afro-American, says more about the research workers' assumptions concerning "race" than they realize. It is a bad example of what Robert Miles in his recent book *Racism and Migration* has assailed as "the race relations problematic".

The British Adoption Project of the mid-1960s is shown here to have been very successful. The coloured children were not isolated in their white families. They were able to relate effectively to peers and adults outside the family. They seemed to be doing slightly better academically than their peers. Owen Gill and Barbara Jackson "can find little support for the criticisms of transracial adoption which are based on the anticipated difficulties of the child". Describing their interviews, they say that the children "taught us that if we were prepared to be interested in the children for themselves and see adoption and racial background as simply one feature of their lives, then they would be forthcoming". They should have expected nothing else. It is also notable that none of the children used the adjective "black" to describe themselves, the most common words being "brown" and "coloured". It is as if they wanted to define themselves socially according to the circumstances of situations as they arose (which is what most of us do anyway).

Nevertheless Gill and Jackson have their reservations, especially about whether transracially adopted children brought up in white society will be able to relate to members of the black community. There is, apparently, little evidence that the children had "a positive sense of racial identity". But what is this racial identity and why should it be assumed that the children would be better off if they had one? The Nazis sought to cultivate a sense of racial identity in Germany, but for the most part such a sense is a characteristic of minorities who seek to develop solidarity in order to advance as a group the interests which they share as individuals. In a multiracial society there will be people who feel that they do not fit neatly into any of the recognized identities available. If they want to adopt different identities in different situations, or to manage without any particular identity, surely the appropriate response is not "tut-tut" but "good luck to you".

This is not the authors' view. They write of "black children who have been made white in all but skin colour" who "have no contact with the black community" and whose "coping mechanisms are based on denying their racial background". These social workers, it seems, insist on assigning individuals to racial categories against their will. They have a romantic and quite unrealistic notion of a "black community" comprehending all non-

Rationalizing the Exchequer

Edward Miller

MARK BUCK

Politics, Finance and the Church in the Reign of Edward II: Walter Stapeldon, Treasurer of England
225pp. Cambridge University Press.
£29.
0 521 25025 0

Mark Buck's study of the career of Walter Stapeldon is of substantial interest. An Oxford scholar who, in 1308, became a bishop in the far South-West may not, at first sight, appear an exciting subject; and even his occasional forays into diplomacy, his role from time to time as one of Edward II's counsellors, and his somewhat intermittent tenure of the Treasurership in the period 1320-25 hardly promise much of dramatic interest. What mattered, of course, was the time. The years when Stapeldon was most active in Edward II's administration were those which culminated in the king's tyranny, his dethronement and, ultimately, in his murder. That they offered material for drama Marlowe demonstrated long ago and Stapledon's end, too, was dramatic. A victim of the king's enemies in 1326, as he fled for sanctuary the London mob dragged him from his horse at the north door of St Paul's and cut off his head with a broad-knife. He was the first bishop in England to be murdered since Thomas Becket a century and a half earlier.

If Stapledon's death attracted notices, his life is another matter. Like most medieval Englishmen little can be known directly about his personality, for relevant evidence has simply not come down to us. Further, as Dr Buck points out, his background is obscure and the chronicles of the time take little notice of him. A rounded portrait, therefore, is out of the question and lucidity in the record remains even when, as Buck has

indubitably done, every surviving scrap of evidence has been scrutinized. Some of these lacunae present intriguing puzzles. There seems to have been, for example, no real forwarding of the likelihood of his succession to the bishopric of Exeter, although his election may have reflected his local reputation as a scholar and an officer of the cathedral. Again, however, his appointment as Treasurer in 1320 "comes... as something out of the blue" and more than once he seems temporarily to have withdrawn from the political scene without obvious explanation. We must, in fact, be satisfied with what *can* be known: with something about the politics of a diocesan, as a benefactor of the University of Oxford and of his kinsfolk, and as the chief officer of the Exchequer between 1320 and 1325.

It is in this last capacity that he can best be known. For the Exchequer has been at all times a great generator of records; and Buck's study of Stapledon's rationalization of its jungle of parchment is an important contribution to the administrative and political history of the times. It embraces, in fact, Stapledon's contribution to the re-establishment of royal power after the destruction of Thomas of Lancaster and his allies in 1322. Their confiscated lands, under exchequer administration, provided much of the funds that sustained Edward II's tyranny; and the rationalization of exchequer records and processes was designed to augment them further. The extent of Stapledon's personal responsibility for these policies is hard to determine; the likely to have come from the Despencers, but he may well have devised the means of realizing it. If so, he reaped the whirlwind.

In one chronicler's eyes the result was that Edward II became "the richest king that ever was in England" since the Conqueror, but through windfalls from "fortifications" and financial

exploitation rather than through any fiscal innovation. As an administrator, in fact, Stapledon looks as though he may have been a somewhat conventional man and conventionally may well have been characteristic of him. He accepted the need to be a hard-working diocesan whenever that was possible; like many another bishop he left his mark in stone, for he was by far the largest contributor to the cathedral building fund and bought white lead and gold-leaf for its decoration when he happened to be in London. His endowment of Stapledon Hall in Oxford, too, while it followed a newer fashion, was a type of benefaction coming to enjoy a certain popularity.

Dr Buck has rather more reservations about some of Stapledon's financial and property dealings, even if the latter did not match those of the Despencers. The Despencers, however, displayed a ruthless lust for self-aggrandizement rare even among medieval noblemen, and it is perhaps better to compare Stapledon with one kind. So compared he does not appear to have been a lender of money on the same scale as Edward II's chancellor, Robert Burnell; and the aid he got for himself and his family may well have been modest beside the acquisitions of his contemporary at Bath and Wells, John Droxford. Again, Stapledon looks a somewhat ordinary man, which makes his final tragedy all the harder to explain. No doubt the breakdown of political order in 1326 and the irrationality of the mob account for much, but there is a possibility that the spark may have been provided by the allegation that it was on Stapledon's advice that the king instituted a judicial visitation of London in 1321. That justice might be exploited to the king's profit was a medieval tradition which might appeal to a rather conventional Treasurer. There can be no certainty on this matter: as a number of others, and by no means the least virtue of Dr Buck's book is that he makes no attempt to thrust conclusions upon us.

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By class and by complexion

Michael Banton

British social scientists have constantly to refer to the findings of their United States colleagues, for they have been the pioneers in so many fields. But there are many distinctive minorities in the United States and it is important to select the most appropriate comparisons. New Commonwealth people in Britain are distinguished from the majority by their appearance, by – in varying degrees – cultural features like language and religion, and by the important consideration that they are nearly all first or second-generation settlers. Which minorities in the United States correspond most closely to them? Surely, it is the Hispanic-Americans, particularly the Puerto Ricans, since they are also in the main recent immigrants from Third World countries with lower levels of occupational skill. West Indian settlers in London have been illuminatingly compared with West Indian settlers in New York but the comparison only points up some of the differences between the West Indians and Afro-Americans. Afro-Caribbeans in Britain, like Afro-Americans, have to contend with similar prejudices on the part of whites, but Afro-Americans have been in the United States for much longer than most of that country's other ethnic groups. To call children of Asian or "mixed race" origin in Britain "black" and to assume that the appropriate group with which to compare them is the Afro-American, says more about the research workers' assumptions concerning "race" than they realize. It is a bad example of what Robert Miles in his recent book *Racism and Migration* has assailed as "the race relations problematic".

Just as, after 1965, the idiom of blackness crossed the Atlantic, so there was a change in the way the words racism and race were used. Prior to this time racism was defined in the dictionaries and textbooks as a doctrine or dogma asserting a connection between race (or physical characteristics) and moral or intellectual capacities as revealed in human cultures. By the end of the 1960s it was being used to denote a historical complex which comprehended attitudes, behaviour, shared beliefs and tacit assumptions. Prior to the mid-1960s liberals were busy trying to demonstrate that the pre-war racial doctrines were not only pernicious, not irrelevant to social policy, but also everyting to do with race was a ghastly mistake best banished to the museum of awful warnings. Some Afro-Americans had never been so sensitive to this issue and in an era of "black pride" it became respectable to contemplate racial pride as well.

The impact upon British linguistic practice of changes originating in the United States has now been illustrated in a modest and worthy study of transracial adoption in Britain, *Adoption and Race: Black, Asian and mixed race children in white families*. It may seem incongruous to relate a discussion of such general issues to an inquiry into the reactions of just forty-four children, but it is often in the social microcosm that the significance of large-scale changes can best be seen. Individual welfare is, in the end, the best standard against which to test the evidence.

The American influence is apparent from the book's opening pages, where the authors review previous research into, and criticism of, transracial adoption, but the criticism is only of the adoption of Afro-American babies by white couples. The British study is of thirty-six coloured children adopted in the mid-1960s mostly by middle-class parents living in middle-class areas away from the more concentrated New Commonwealth settlements; plus eight coloured children adopted by couples in which at least one adoptive parent could be counted as "coloured". The authors prefer to describe all non-white people as black "because it signifies the dignity of the black community". Referring to the policies adopted by the adoptive parents, they write that "in all of the families no emphasis was placed on the child's cultural or racial origins". The idea that children have cultural origins should not pass unnoticed. It was echoed in a feature article on the subject in *The Guardian* for January 26, this year in which the person in charge of a South London adoption project was quoted as stressing "the right of every child to grow up in a family of similar racial and cultural origins". Not so long ago any suggestion that there was a white culture which was the special property of white people would have been stigmatized as racist.

British social scientists have constantly to refer to the findings of their United States colleagues, for they have been the pioneers in so many fields. But there are many distinctive minorities in the United States and it is important to select the most appropriate comparisons. New Commonwealth people in Britain are distinguished from the majority by their appearance, by – in varying degrees – cultural features like language and religion, and by the important consideration that they are nearly all first or second-generation settlers. Which minorities in the United States correspond most closely to them? Surely, it is the Hispanic-Americans, particularly the Puerto Ricans, since they are also in the main recent immigrants from Third World countries with lower levels of occupational skill. West Indian settlers in London have been illuminatingly compared with West Indian settlers in New York but the comparison only points up some of the differences between the West Indians and Afro-Americans. Afro-Caribbeans in Britain, like Afro-Americans, have to contend with similar prejudices on the part of whites, but Afro-Americans have been in the United States for much longer than most of that country's other ethnic groups. To call children of Asian or "mixed race" origin in Britain "black" and to assume that the appropriate group with which to compare them is the Afro-American, says more about the research workers' assumptions concerning "race" than they realize. It is a bad example of what Robert Miles in his recent book *Racism and Migration* has assailed as "the race relations problematic".

The British Adoption Project of the mid-1960s is shown here to have been very successful. The coloured children were not isolated in their white families. They were able to relate effectively to peers and adults outside the family. They seemed to be doing slightly better academically than their peers. Owen Gill and Barbara Jackson "can find little support for the criticisms of transracial adoption which are based on the anticipated difficulties of the child". Describing their interviews, they say that the children "taught us that if we were prepared to be interested in the children for themselves and see adoption and racial background as simply one feature of their lives, then they would be forthcoming". They should have expected nothing else. It is also notable that none of the children used the adjective "black" to describe themselves, the most common words being "brown" and "coloured". It is as if they wanted to define themselves socially according to the circumstances of situations as they arose (which is what most of us do anyway).

Nevertheless Gill and Jackson have their reservations, especially about whether transracially adopted children brought up in white society will be able to relate to members of the black community. There is, apparently, little evidence that the children had "a positive sense of racial identity". But what is this racial identity and why should it be assumed that the children would be better off if they had one? The Nazis sought to cultivate a sense of racial identity in Germany, but for the most part such a sense is a characteristic of minorities who seek to develop solidarity in order to advance as a group the interests which they share as individuals. In a multiracial society there will be people who feel that they do not fit neatly into any of the recognized identities available. If they want to adopt different identities in different situations, or to manage without any particular identity, surely the appropriate response is not "tut-tut" but "good luck to you".

This is not the authors' view. They write of "black children who have been made white in all but skin colour" who "have no contact with the black community" and whose "coping mechanisms are based on denying their racial background". These social workers, it seems, insist on assigning individuals to racial categories against their will. They have a romantic and quite unrealistic notion of a "black community" comprehending all non-

whites. The "community" in question has so little self-consciousness that it can maintain very few institutions with anything more than a religious or a narrow homeland-oriented basis. The authors believe that dignity resides in this black community rather than in the humanity of black individuals. And there is worse to come, for influenced by the United States literature, they declare that "The black community has every justification for seeing itself as a 'donor' of children for white couples. Such a perception can do little for the dignity and self-determination of that community. To have a system which through 'benign neglect' in effect systematically removes black children from black homes and places them in white homes without any traffic in the opposite direction can hardly be beneficial for the black community." This is totalitarian language. Like the South African scheme it subordinates the individual's interests to the maintenance of big brother's conception of where he or she fits into the system. Nowhere do the authors consider whether it is better for a dark-skinned child in an institutional home to stay there or to be brought up by adoptive parents of lighter complexion. Nor did any of the seven letters published in *The Guardian* identify this as the issue.

Perhaps the last word should be with one of the adoptive mothers who gently protested "if you are continually conscious of the child's race, you've never accepted the child as a person, have you?" Accepting children as persons is the most important value. Often they are not accepted as persons because of peoples' prejudices (and usually these are the opposite prejudices of those displayed by Gill and Jackson). To combat these prejudices it may sometimes be necessary to polarize issues, but this should be a last resort, a tactic employed only in the knowledge that it will have a variety of consequences, some of them untoward. The pre-1965 British vocabulary revealed a tendency on the part of white people to make moral judgments about others on the basis of physical instead of moral criteria. This was, and is, to be deplored. But the problem will not be overcome by adopting the either/or nomenclature of the United States and by assuming that the most important thing about an individual is his or her race.

A 10th revised edition of *Penelope Hall's Social Services of England and Wales* has recently appeared under the editorship of John Mays, Anthony Forder and Olive Keidan (342pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. Paperback, £5.95. 0 7100 0637 6). The work comprises nine principal sections: an introductory section, a concluding section "Towards an evaluation of the Welfare State", both by Anthony Forder; together with chapters on education, the employment services, income and need, housing, the health services, the personal social services and law as a social service.

THE SCIENTIFIC CONSENSUS AND RECENT BRITISH PHILOSOPHY

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Agrarians on the wane

P. K. O'Brien

GREGOR DALLAS

The Imperfect Peasant Economy: The Loire Country, 1800-1914
352pp. Cambridge University Press.
£25.
0 521 24060 3

Historians of nineteenth-century Europe have focused rather too much attention on change: on industrialization, on urbanization, on the formation of the working class, on the rise of democracy and the decline of the *ancien régime*. They ignore or even deride as "anachronisms" or "feudal remnants" the continuity of social groups, economies and political forms from another age. Arno Mayer's important book persuades us that political transformation had hardly occurred before 1914. And as the twentieth century closes, historians are beginning to perceive that in economic, social and cultural terms the hundred years before 1914 had more in common with previous centuries than with the profound and turbulent changes of their own age.

Perhaps nowhere is continuity more evident than in nineteenth-century France, where the Revolution not only left intact but actively consolidated the peasant economy and society of the *ancien régime*. Gregor Dallas's first book tries to explain how and why a peasant economy maintained itself in France not merely up to the Great War but until the 1950s. He is properly contemptuous of Marxists and economists whose teleological preoccupations lead them to regard the survival of the peasantry as symptoms of backwardness, feudalism and inefficiency. As Dallas observes: "The lives were no more, no less poetic than our own; they were hardly more noble, but I cannot vouch that they were more miserable. There is evidence of a freedom derived from that constant, a freedom of action and thought far greater than many of the more stalwart proponents of change would ever be willing to admit."

Fine sentiments and a trained historian's hard-won appreciation of the past are not sufficient, however, to explain the long survival of the peasantry. Dallas spends pages elaborating (with help from Chayanov) on the meaning of a peasant economy. For the sake of perspective he might have allocated equal space to defining the sense in which a peasant economy "survived". Although it was not assimilated, it did decline in relative terms, because by 1914 the French economy obtained significantly lower shares of total output from peasants than it had in 1815; while the proportion of the population who lived off peasant farms also decreased, but not quite so sharply. Survival, then, must be explained in relation to an alternative expectation that the nineteenth century would or should witness the demise of the peasantry, or related to another paradigm such as Britain - where peasants disappeared far earlier. In Continental terms there may be nothing unusual in French experience.

Dallas sets out to explain the continuity of the peasantry by way of a

very detailed analysis of the quantitative evidence (surviving in local and national censuses of production and in population and cadastral surveys, and in police and educational reports) for two regions of the Loire Country, the Orléanais and Nantais, covering nearly half a million acres and 198 communes - located near the towns of Orléans and Nantes. His Chapters (Two and Four) on the physical, human and economic geography of city and country are carefully delineated. His choice of locations allows for extrapolation, because the majority of French peasants lived on alluvial plains not too remote from towns.

Dallas expected comparisons between the two regions to illuminate more general concerns and to help him escape from parochial history. Historians should certainly derive whatever illumination the comparative method offers, but in this case-study the method seems strained and the contrasts between Orléanais and Nantais become difficult to accept as really significant.

On the more general problem of survival and assimilation the book offers far more. The key is to be found in the opening sentence of Chapter Nine where the author observes that "the peasant household economy was found intact at the beginning of the nineteenth century because of its capacity to initiate and accommodate change". *Mutatis mutandis* that observation applies equally well to the next century. Peasants did not leave in their droves for the cities, and small-scale family farms competed successfully with larger, more capitalized and commercialized farms,

partly by taking full advantage of growing opportunities presented by nearby towns and markets to increase their wealth and income. Dallas establishes an interesting point, that those opportunities were greater when commercial towns such as Nantes (rather than agro-towns like Orléans) did not actively compete with the countryside for jobs in food-processing and other industries.

From the towns came larger landowners, who farmed the poorer soils but introduced scientific agronomy into the hinterland. To the towns peasants exported surplus produce and people. Time and again Dallas is concerned to make the point that peasants used the market but did not depend upon it; their behaviour cannot be explained by reference to any vulgar model of profit maximization. They opted in and out of the commercial economy from a base of security on the land. For them,

property defined home, status and material ambition. They rarely intense work-effort (vide Millán) required to maintain the family farm. Few men with land left the countryside in search of higher income. Subsistence crises which diminished small peasants for centuries diminished in severity. Exactions of brigands and the State subsided. After 1891 no government tampered seriously with the system of property rights established by the Revolution. Finally restraint reduced population pressure on the land. In short the "push" towards urban life were never that strong. Millions of peasants in France (and elsewhere in Europe) preferred to remain in the countryside wedded to a traditional way of life which young but perceptive historians like Gregor Dallas find pleasing to contemplate and explain.

Oligarchs on the make

Richard Bonney

BARBARA B. DIEFENDORF

Paris City Councillors in the Sixteenth Century: The Politics of Patrimony

351pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £27.30.
0 691 05362 6

The social historian of sixteenth-century France faces severe problems. It is hard to establish accurate genealogies of seventeenth-century families. It is harder still for the earlier period. Even elementary biographical and career details are sometimes difficult to trace accurately. Barbara B. Diefendorf has established a list of ninety Paris city councillors who served between 1535 and 1575, and sought out all accessible information about them from genealogical collections, the notarial sources (used sparingly, one suspects) and certain parish records. Inevitably, the resulting data are rather uneven, but they are supplemented by inferences drawn from the Paris customary law-codes of 1510 and 1580. The city councillors played a prominent role in the codification, so that we can see local usage being elevated to the full status of law by the same individuals who then chose to respect or ignore the new rules.

As one would expect, the councillors were for the most part Parisian in origin. They were men on the make: thirty-one of the ninety councillors were sons of merchants, but the number of merchants on the city council declined steadily. Previous generations had been well on the way to usurping privilege through the purchase of landed estates, and more than two-fifths of the councillors inherited at least one noble land-holding. Marriage was a crucial stage in their advancement. Inter-marriage between the families of councillors was so common that only one in eight of the group was not the son, son-in-law or grandson of a man active in city politics. Marriage was the occasion when a man's wealth increased and is most easily estimated by the historian. Dowries rose in value in the sixteenth century, though not as much as might be expected when indexed against inflation. The fixed jointure for the wife was the norm. Wives were usually considerably younger than their husbands, and forty-six councillors left widows. Since a widow's jointure did not cease with remarriage, second marriages were seen as a threat to the family patrimony, so that the widow's ability to settle gifts on a second husband to the detriment of children of the first was restricted by edict in 1560. Most city councillors died intestate, which favoured partible inheritance under the terms of Parisian customary law. The method of succession was believed to preserve family solidarity and avoid quarrels between heirs, though it did not always achieve this effect.

This is rigorous social history, without much in the way of politics or personalities, except for a case study of

the intendant of finance, *Châtelain*. The originality of the book is not just in the new material which has been produced and Professor Diefendorf's painstaking comparison of Parisian customary law, but in the study of the various branches and generations of the families concerned. This makes considerable sense when partible inheritance was the norm, though one may doubt whether families holding royal office there were, as the author contends, "little if any disparity between the professional achievements of eldest sons and their younger brothers". The rising cost of the office itself would seem to preclude this as a general rule. Some of his findings cause surprise, for example that nineteen of the ninety councillors became Calvinists or else had relatives implicated in heresy. This was surely an obvious way to advance one's name among the staunchly Catholic Parisian elite.

Diefendorf arrives at two main conclusions, that the city councillors had become an oligarchy by the last third of the sixteenth century and that the spread of royal office-holding created unprecedented opportunities for upward mobility. The second conclusion complements other research on the *noblesse de robe*. One high office had been acquired, hereditary character permitted the family to consolidate its position. We thus find that many, though by no means all, of the families studied were prominent a generation or two later as royal office-holders on sovereign courts. The first conclusion poses more difficulties. At what stage was the oligarchy consolidated? Diefendorf contends that the patrimonial nature of succession was "further enhanced after 1581 by the practice of resignation to a city councillor the rights enjoyed by a royal office-holder in the sovereign courts, to obtain an expectancy on his office for his own or another close relative. However convenient the *survivance*, it seems of importance that the practice of resignation of which there are clear examples from the early 1530s, on Diefendorf's own evidence at least, forty-three of the ninety councillors were not elected but were the beneficiaries of resignations. In other words, the oligarchic nature of the council seems to have been well established within a period which is, in study, and perhaps before, not simply more difficult to prove at an earlier date.

If we learn a great deal about the councillors from this collective biography, their concern with respectability, above all their avoidance of *misalliance*, makes them rather dull. The author deliberately argues that of the period of the Catholic League, the period of the French Revolution and the French Revolution. Indeed, at the greatest fear, we are in a rather gloomy atmosphere. Indeed, at the greatest fear, we are in a rather gloomy atmosphere. Indeed, at the greatest fear, we are in a rather gloomy atmosphere.

DAVID SIMPSON

Fetishism and Imagination: Dickens, Melville, Conrad
141pp. Johns Hopkins University Press. £11.50.
0 8018 2858 9

Fetishism and Imagination extends an inquiry initiated in David Simpson's previous book, *Wordsworth and the Figures of the Real*, from the field of Romantic poetry to the field of nineteenth-century fiction. Taken together, these two books offer an unusually subtle and challenging account of the inter-determinations of mind and society imaged by the writing of the period.

Simpson sees Wordsworth as the proponent of an ideal of "polymorphous perception", according to which we free ourselves by recognizing that we have created or "figured" what we perceive - that we have the power either to re-make what we have already made, or to seek other catalysts. In Wordsworth's eyes, the social condition for this ideal existed above all in those communities which had not yet been reduced to single-mindedness by division of labour, or tempted into the worship of outward forms by luxury. Such communities were fast disappearing. So it is a threatened ideal that he presents, and one whose defence involves a strenuous discipline.

For if we forget or are prevented from acknowledging that we have created the images we perceive, we become subservient to them. We join the delinquents accosted in Book VIII of *The Prelude*:

yo who are fed
But the dead letter, not the spirit of things;
Whose truth is not a motion or a shape
Linked with vital functions, but a block
Of waxen image which yourselves have made.

These consumers of the dead letter generate an anxiety in nineteenth-century thought and writing that subservience to waxen images will become the only form of consciousness allowed by an increasingly alienated society. The anxiety stimulated an imaginative response whose coherence and delicacy Simpson is able to define by invoking the terminology of fetishism.

The terminology derives from early anthropological studies of fetishism.

Towards transcendence

Imre Salusinszky

DAVID F. KAWIN
The Myth of the Novel: Reflexive Fiction and the Ineffable
216pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £18.85.
0 691 06309 8

This is simultaneously a conventional and an eccentric book. And where it contains content with literary criticism, it produces some stimulating observations on the fashionable subject of reflexive fiction.

These observations are based on a close analogy between the reflexive text and the self-conscious mind. Like the mind, the reflexive text strives to become a "limited whole", and in so doing, it "imitates" the mind's effort to become a "limited whole". This idea of *imitation* is collected with "Kawin's" pleasing notion that self-conscious texts require a double suspension of disbelief, a suspension of order of belief, a suspension of what is genuinely possible.

Kawin's analogy generates a number of useful and usable critical insights. By far the most provocative is that of what he calls "reflexive first-person narration". This is the mind cannot describe itself, but it can describe the mind's experience in language. The novel cannot directly present the mind's experience of an Ahab,

worship in "primitive" societies. Once applied to Western cultures, it connects readily enough with the political economists' analysis of wealth and labour, and with the puritan favouring of spirit over letter. (Curiously enough, the Victorian thinker who made some of these connections most explicitly, John Ruskin, is not mentioned at all.) This terminology was eventually supplemented, of course, by psychoanalytic accounts of sexual fetishism. Simpson is careful not to read his stress that the motive for fetishism is the phallic, and that in its Western versions it is primarily a disease of the male imagination. The male protagonists of novels by Dickens and Melville and Conrad cannot afford to recognize incompleteness or otherness, and spend their lives in furious pursuit of an image of fixity and determinacy. But the image is an idol they themselves have created, a part isolated from the whole. Instead of completing it, they duplicate, and thus distract them further.

Simpson describes the world of Dickens's novels as one whose density and fixity preclude polymorphous perception, "a jumble of parts and attributes of exactly the sort foreseen by the earlier theorists of the consequences of divided labor and its influences on mind and society". Living in a fetishized world, Dickens's characters become themselves fetishes: a mannerism, a pair of whiskers, a waistcoat, an idiot. They are imprisoned by the figure they wish to cut in the world, and this cutting of a figure absorbs all their creative energies. "Dickens thus chronicles the energetic creation of deadness and fixity, the passionate reduplication of fetishized representations."

These representations include many of Dickens's most celebrated comic effects. But the matter becomes more serious when the embodied fetishes try to bend other people to their own deadness and fixity. Forced to greet Mr Bumble, Oliver Twist "made a bow, which was divided between the beadle on the chair, and the cocked hat on the table". Later dependants are not even allowed that comic equivocation; for them there is nothing but the cocked hat. Mr Turveydrop's worship of Department and of the Prince Regent sets off a descending series of idolatries, culminating in his son Prince

a Kurtz, a Leverkühn or a Gatsby. These experiences are filtered into language through the agency of a narrator who has travelled a long way with the hero, but has managed to return.

The assumption that there are experiences which transcend language leads Kawin into a predictable confrontation with Derrida (for it is he). There may, *contra* Derrida, be an "absolute centre" to the self which is simply "ineffable" or "unnamable". This is a workable hypothesis, but Kawin proceeds to suggest that the Derridean limitations may apply only to the "left hemisphere" of the brain; the "right hemisphere" remaining capable of "holistic intuitions".

This gives us a clue to some of this book's eccentricities, which are not productive in the Empsonian or Richardson or Bloomian style. Neurology is a phoney issue in literary criticism, because it cannot be settled. There are many such phoney issues: book, and some are more malign than the example above. For instance, I'd want to know a lot more about Self-Realization Intensive (as "originally formulated" by Yogi Bhaer Mun). I'd want to know a lot more about Self-Realization Intensive (as "originally formulated" by Yogi Bhaer Mun). I'd want to know a lot more about Self-Realization Intensive (as "originally formulated" by Yogi Bhaer Mun).

Before accepting any literary argument connected with it, Kawin seems frustrated by the boundaries of literary criticism, as even his title suggests: "the ineffable", within criticism, is more usually "the sublime". One of the difficulties inherent in over-reaching limits, says Kawin on Ahab, "is that one may cease to make sense of one's fellows". That warning also applies to the limits of criticism.

Worshippers of waxen images

David Trotter

who, "having the Department always before him, had lived and grown in the same faith, and now, at thirty years of age, worked for his father twelve hours a day, and looked up to him with veneration on the old imaginary pinnacle". It is the veneration which sustains the father's power, keeps him fed and clothed. The figurative ingenuity of these descriptions of character matches a disconnected and fixated world. "Dickens's novels then are about the various modes of fetishism which he sees, and they are therefore intensely figurative, inasmuch as they are about figure." Simpson is able to show how Dickens's main imaginative strength, the ingenuity and exuberance of his writing, itself conveys a view of society. The consequence of this recognition is a brilliantly perceptive reading of scenes from the novels.

I have two minor reservations. In the first place, I am not convinced by Simpson's account of plot as a literary device extraneous to the critique of idolatry articulated through character - a device whose artificiality is so flagrant that it signals indirectly the disjunction of the world it must encompass. There is truth in that, of course, but in Dickens's later novels plot itself becomes fetishized, a medium of idolatry. For example,

characters sometimes turn themselves into waxen images by taking up a particular position in scene after scene. Dombey exerts authority by standing drawn up to his full height with his back to the fire; Carker, who wants to usurp the authority, imitates the pose. The unfolding of plot becomes a repetition of such characterizing, or fetishizing, poses; people appear in order to cut once more the figure they have already cut many times before. Blandiss is usually seen dominating a room from his seat on the window-ledge; in the prison at Marseilles, in the tavern where he entertains *Flintshire*, in Mrs. Clemens's house. Conversely, the movement of the story can serve to unmask or demystify a fetish. James Harthouse overcomes Tom Gradgrind by his habit of lounging against the chimney-piece; but the same trick has no effect at all on Miss Jewkes, when she calls to ask him to leave Coketown.

In the second place, I believe that Simpson underestimates Dickens's moral and imaginative commitment to Victorian England. He says that people in the novels "are not simply divorced from society; there is no such organic body for them to belong to". But Dickens's journalism conveys a very powerful sense of belonging, and enough of that faith survives into the novels to throw doubt on some of Simpson's conclusions. For example, Simpson ranks Bucket with Turveydrop as men who make a fetish out of information, who regard "knowledge itself as a commodity,

something to be exchanged for reward and favour". This is certainly true of Turveydrop, but it would be of an earlier investigator, Nodgett, the man who tracks Jonas Chuzzlewit to and from the murder of Montague Tigg. But between *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Bleak House*, Dickens discovered the Detective Department of the Metropolitan Police, and he modelled Bucket on those selfless and unimpeachable limbs of the organic body of Victorian society. Bucket's expertise and unflinching kindness are part of the solution, not part of the problem.

If Dickens assembles the figures of the Old World city, then Melville and Conrad envisage idolatry on the high seas and in far-off places. And the mistmagnings of their male protagonists take root even more deeply in "the subjective aspirations" implicated in phallicism and narcissism. The disabled and perhaps impotent Ahab sets out to capture what he lacks - or rather the sign of idolatry articulated through character - a device whose artificiality is so flagrant that it signals indirectly the disjunction of the world it must encompass. There is truth in that, of course, but in Dickens's later novels plot itself becomes fetishized, a medium of idolatry. For example,

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Simpson conveys very well the force of the imaginative investment both Dickens and Melville make in figuring. A small sign of this force, I think, is the way the logic of the investment seems to generate a sense of belonging, and enough of that faith survives into the novels to throw doubt on some of Simpson's conclusions. For example, Simpson ranks Bucket with Turveydrop as men who make a fetish out of information, who regard "knowledge itself as a commodity,

Of theoretical bent

F. S. Schwarzbach

PAUL HERNADI (Editor)

The Horizon of Literature
373pp. University of Nebraska Press. £19.50 (paperback, £8.25).
0 803 22317 X

The essays collected here serve as a useful introduction to several important issues in contemporary literary theory. All are reprinted, many in revised versions, from recent numbers of the *Bulletin of the Midwest Modern Language Association*, and among the contributors are a number of distinguished critics, including Wayne Booth, Jonathan Culler, Umberto Eco, Northrop Frye, Fredric Jameson, Hugh Kenner, Walter Ong, Edward Said and Robert Scholes. Unfortunately, the quality of the pieces is variable, and the volume as a whole less than successful.

Hernadi has grouped the essays in three sections, but the arrangement adds little to the effect of the pieces on their own. The first part deals rather vaguely with the "vision" of literature;

the second with varieties of contemporary critical theory; and the third with what the editor calls "certain institutional frameworks within which the horizon of literature is being traced". The last part disappoints most, for it never grapples with the issues it purports to raise. The use of the word "horizon" suggests some critical theory, perhaps exploring the influence of the structures of academic literary study upon the content of criticism. Instead we find the editors of four professional journals discussing editing: several well-known critics reviewing reviews of their own books (here only Wayne Booth's essay is noteworthy); and four scholars responding to the conference paper of a fifth, who in turn responds to their answer session which followed. (The paper, by Hans Georg Gadamer, is an interesting phenomenological discussion of where one can locate the "truth" of literary works.) The point is not whether these essays are good or bad, but that they do not offer any analysis of "institutional frameworks" merely fairly ordinary examples of discourse conducted within them.

frontiers of the New World. "Washington Irving talked of the 'rabble rout of nondescript beings that keep about the frontiers, between civilized and savage life, as those equivocal birds, the bats, hover about the confines of light and darkness'. Melville found his rabble rout in New Bedford, 'the queerest looking nondescripts from foreign parts'.

In Conrad's novels, the world does not light back so successfully. The figures of power and conquest have carried the idols of the market forth to the very societies from whom "the vocabulary of fetishism and idolatry had in the first place been at least partly derived". Indeed, Conrad makes Simpson's point for him in "An Outpost of Progress", remarking that the storehouse where the white traders keep their baubles is known as a "fetish", "perhaps because of the spirit of civilization it contained". The pursuit of wealth has become a psychic as well as a commercial objective, an idolatrous quest for self-completion. Nostromo speaks of treasure as something that "fastens upon a man's mind". Lingard is "always in search of new markets for his cargoes - not so much for profit as for the pleasure of finding them". It is the women and the non-white races who are supplanted by these idols, who cannot be recognized.

I would quarrel with Simpson's reading of Conrad in one respect only. He seems to regard Conrad's fatalism as evidence that it was no longer possible for people to conceive either the alternatives to fixity proposed by Wordsworth, or the critique of fixity mounted by Dickens and Melville. "It is as if the process of duplicating the figurings of a fetishized society now takes place so deep inside the unconscious that it cannot be spoken about, or made the subject of a drama whose very energy would suggest the possibility of an alternative." Simpson attributes this failure not to Conrad's incompetence, but to the "historical situation": the lights were going out all over Europe.

Yet the same historical situation was at that very moment inciting D. H. Lawrence to decay. Conrad's pessimism, to admire *Moby-Dick* (In January 1916) to ask Ottoline Morrell for books about "anything really African, Fetish Worship or the customs of primitive tribes". The novel which resulted, *Women in Love*, quite explicitly uses the terminology of fetishism to criticize contemporary society, and to suggest a way "beyond the phallic cult". Lawrence undeniably makes fetishism the subject of a drama whose very energy would suggest the possibility of an alternative, insofar as it implies a history (or a history of responses to history). Simpson's account cannot always be trusted. In most other respects it is extremely persuasive.

The most valuable essays are those which illustrate some directions of recent poststructuralist theory. Donald G. Marshall builds upon conclusions drawn from the structuralist study of narrative to argue that the role of literary plot is to mediate between the formal closure of art and the openness of actual experience. Edward Said and Fredric Jameson, though with very different methods and goals, both insist on seeing authors, texts and readers alike as embedded in cultural and historical contexts. Said puts forward a cultural relativism, Jameson a structuralist form of Marxism, but both argue persuasively that texts and interpretations are never either value-free or autonomous.

These essays, and several others, indicate that among traditionalists and the innovators alike there is a consensus that structuralism narrowly conceived has had its day, and that any future critical theory must emphasize contextual as well as formal considerations. Whatever the overall weaknesses of *The Horizon of Literature*, it contains enough stimulating work to suggest that the progress of poststructuralist theoretical work of this nature is well worth watching.

